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A N

A P O L O G Y

For the LIFE of

Mr. T..... C....., Comedian. C. J.
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BEING A

Proper Sequel

TO THE

A P O L O G Y

For the LIFE of

Mr. Colley Cibber, Comedian.

WITH

An Historical View of the STAGE to the
Present YEAR.

Supposed to be written by HIMSELF.

In the *Stile* and *Manner* of the POET LAUREAT.

Of all the Assurances I was ever guilty of, this of writing my own Life is the most hardy; impudent is what I should have said: Through every Page there runs a Vein of Vanity and Impertinence, which no French Ensign's Memoirs ever came up to: My Stile unequal, pert, and frothy; low and pompous; cram'd with Epithets; strew'd with Scraps of second-hand Latin; aiming at Wit without hitting the Mark: My Subject below all Pens but my own, which, whenever I keep to, is flatch'd by one eternal Egotism.

COLLEY CIBBER's Life, p. 26, 27.

Sequiturque Patrem non possibus Æquis.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. MECHILL at the *King's-Arms* in
Fleet-Street. 1740. [Price Two Shillings.]





T O A

Certain Gentleman.

S I R,



BECAUSE I know You do not love to see your Name in Print, imagining it is us'd in some impertinent Satire, though I was now writing the daintiest *Dedication* of any modern Author, yet I would chuse to conceal it.

Let me talk then just as it comes into my Head about You and to You this Way ; let me tell You of what I will, or how I will, You are under no Necessity of taking it to Yourself: Nor when I boast of your Excellencies and Transactions, need You blush that I have perform'd them in such a Manner as to claim the complimentary Homage of my Pen: Or I may now give You all the Attributes that raise a cunning, intriguing Man to the highest Offices and Employments, and not be censur'd as one of your *hireling Advocates*, either by my own or your Enemies. --- I place my own first, not because they are the greater Number, but as in the *Ceremonialia* of Heraldry, the most insignificant Personages begin the Pomp, to introduce those of more elevated Consequence, I mention'd my Enemies first, to introduce the Mention of yours.

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--- Yours (and such you have) for they are not so well-bred as not to declare themselves) have carried on long, though successful, Attacks against You : And, *Sir*, give me Leave to compare my little Self to your great Honour, as there is no Hazard or visible Terror in an Attack upon my defenceless Station, my Censurers, like Yours, have been Persons of an intrepid Sincerity : But I shut the Door against them all, while I am thus privately talking to You, and have little to apprehend from either of them.

Under this Shelter then, I may safely tell You that the greatest Reason I have had to publish this Work, has arisen from the several Performances which I publish'd last Summer, and which you had Goodness enough to patronize : How far indeed your good Nature to a *young Politician*, or your Reluctance to put the Vanity of one of your *new Authors* out of Countenance may have carried you, I cannot be sure : And yet Appearances give me stronger Hopes. For was not the Complaisance of a whole Summer's Sufferance, to employ my Talents in your Service, as much as an Author of more Importance ought to have expected : --- Why then was he desir'd by Mr. *P--xt--n* to write second *Gazeteers* ? Or, why was I kept in the Service, to tell more of the same *Stories* ? --- If these Employments have made me vain, shall I say, *Sir*, you are accountable for them ? --- No, *Sir*, I will rather say that my own Forwardness, and
dashing

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dashing through thick and thin, recommended me to the Notice of your Supervisor-General, for *Gazeteering* and *Pamphleteering*: Or rather so far flatter myself, as to suppose it possible, that You having been a Patron and Lover of Master *Walsingham* and Dame *Osborn* (and one of those good Judges, who know the Use and Value of such Writers, under a right Regulation) might incline You to think my Labours and Lucubrations of more Consequence than they may naturally be to others of different Sense, who may have less Concern or Taste for them. But be all this as it may, As for this *Apology* for my Life, I have written it not only to shew my own Parts, and illustrate my own Story, but I have decorated it, with several Remarks, Political, as well as Theatrical, and explain'd the Meaning of some of my Writings, which were dedicated to your Service. Now, *Sir*, as my apologetical Brat is born, rather than see it starve on bare Parish-Provision, I chuse clandestinely to drop it at your Door, that it may exercise one of your many Virtues, your Charity, in supporting a very dull Dog of an Author.

Now, *Sir*, were the World to know into what Right Honourable Hands I have thrown the following History, their Regard to its Patron might incline them to treat it as one of his own *Family*.—They might say such Things of it, as may be improper for me to mention.—For this Reason I conceal your Name, as that
must

must necessarily lead me to descant on a Subject which might be ungrateful to your Ears ; for I am at characterising Friend or Foe, a very Devil at my Pen. --- In consciousness therefore of what I *am*, I chuse not to say what You *are*. --- I leave that for other Historians, and for Posterity to relate. --- However, as your Equals in Rank have done publick Justice to your Character, the Concealment of your Name may be an unnecessary Diffidence. But am I, Sir, of Consequence enough, in any Guise, to do Honour to Sir ----- ? Were I to set You, Sir, in the most true Lights that your Actions deserve, or your own Likeness requires, yet my officious Mite would be lost in that general Character and Regard which People of the first Consequence, even some of all Parties, even some of your *own Dependants*, have a Pleasure of speaking of in Private. Encomiums to Persons in your high Station, are liable to the Suspicion of *Flattery*, and can add little Lustre to what before was visible to the Publick. You are cloy'd, without Doubt, by such Offerings : You have them almost daily offer'd up to You in publick and in private ; at your *Levee* ; at the *T-----* ; at the *Drawing-Room*, and *Lobby* of the *Senate-House* ; besides the zealous Ejaculations which are offer'd for your Service in an inimitable Paper which is distributed throughout the Kingdom *gratis*. --- But these Offerings, like *Pagan* Incense, evaporate on the Altar, and rather gratify the *Priest* than the *Deity*.

But

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But You, Sir, are approach'd frequently and oft in Terms of *Common Sense*; The honest Oblation of Hearts which have just Sense enough to mix Reason with Accusation. How really true, or whether the Zeal of such Devotees of *Common Sense* are false, I shall not here examine: But, Sir, was I admitted, with all my laughing Spirits about me, to be my idle Self, and to write what I could write on that Subject, I should surely be distinguish'd by You from a Parcel of *dull Set of Rogues*, whom your good Nature and Charity induce You to believe are *Wits*. This Nakedness of Temper the World may place in what Rank of Vanity they please; but till Wisdom shall point out a Way to make me more heartily happy than your Favours, I am content to be gaz'd at as your Creature, as I am, without lessening my Respect for You, and laugh at those whose Intellects may be more soberly cover'd.

Yet, Sir, I will not deceive You; it is not the Lustre of the Power You possess, the immenseness of your Fortune, your Figure in Life, and the *just Rewards* for your Services, which you had rather deserve than be told of, that have made my plain honest Heart hang after You; these are but incidental Ornaments that may be of Service to You; but my particular Esteem has risen from a mere natural and more engaging Charm --- The agreeable *Rewards* which You confer on your *Creatures*. --- Nor is my *Vanity* so much gratify'd in the *Honour*, as my *Convenience* in the *Delight* of such pecuniary

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cuniary Felicities. To see You lay aside your Superiority, and confer with a *mean Author*, give him *Instructions*, and *Gold*, * 'tis then I *taste You!* then *Life runs high!* I *desire!* I *possess You!*

Yet, Sir, it must be a farther Share of Pleasure to look on You with the publick Eye, and view your *Integrity*. — This, Sir, is a Theme

Si mihi sint centum Linguae, sint oraq; centum.

*Had I an hundred Tongues this Theme to raise,
Had I an hundred Mouths, -- to mouth thy Praise,
Those Tongues, these Mouths, that Praise cou'd never tell
How You can All, and e'en Yourself excell;* }
None but YOURSELF can be your Parallel.

When I consider You in this View, and in the Height of Power, I could rejoice mightily for You and Myself, to see *You* in this particular Light of Glory, and *Myself* admitted to reflect the Beams of it throughout *Great Britain*.

If this *Apology* for my *Life* discourages You not to prevent my Design, I have some Thought of writing an *Apology* for *Tours*: I think myself equal to the Subject, and should be proud if You would, by this Exercitation of my Genius, suffer me to approve myself,

S I R,

July 1.
1740.

*Your most obedient,
most oblig'd, and
most humble Servant,*

T. C.

* Vid. C. Cibber's Dedication.



A N
A P O L O G Y

For the LIFE of

Mr. T----- C---, &c.

C H A P. I.

The Introduction. — Reason for writing an Apology. — The Author's Birth and Family. — A promising Genius. — Sent to Winchester School. — An Occurrence there. — A Digression on Vanity and Ambition. — Of Systems of Philosophy, &c.



AMONG all the Foibles incident to human Nature, none take a stronger Possession of the Soul of Man than *Ambition*. There are, indeed, sundry Ways and Arts to gratify this lofty Passion, which though it may divide itself into different Channels, yet from the same Source various Streams take their Rise.---My Readers may be surpris'd at my setting out with so philosophical an Apothegm; but it is a very proper Introduction to the following *Apology*, as it was from an innate Thirst of Ambition that I undertook to publish these *Memoirs*

B of

of my own Life: Some witty smart Gentlemen may call it *Vanity*: With all my Heart; and to deal ingenuously with them, I frankly confess it was that Species of Ambition which by hereditary Happiness descends to me, call'd *Vanity*.--- A *Vanity*! for what? cries a more grave Annotator: To shew there are two Coxcombs in a Family? --- Must there be two Apologies for the Lives of two Fellows no one car'd a Halfpenny for? ---- Why, perhaps merely to signalize myself, or perhaps to imitate the laudable Steps of my worthy Parent, or perhaps to defend my Conduct from some publick Reproaches; I have thought proper to make an Apology for my Life; and surely among the Majority of the World this Attempt will stand uncensur'd, as they will be ready enough to allow the Life of no Man stood more in Need of an Apology than mine. And to shew my Readers what a candid impartial Person I am, I will, in this Disquisition of myself, bring my own Heart to the Bar, and try it without Favour or Affection: I shall consequently betray much Folly, and talk much of myself, but I have very great Examples to authorize such a Liberty. Old *Mich. Montaign* it seems in his Essays rattled more about his own queer Body and Mind, his Cat, and an old Woman, than all the World beside; so much had he set his Heart upon *himself*. The ingenious and modest Mr. *Colley Cibber* has outdone *Montaign*, and not only talk'd a great deal of *himself*, but has set so great a Value on *himself*, that after being so long known, he will not let any one know what he really is, under a less Consideration than a *Guinea* *. But in these Memoirs of my humble *Self*, I shall, at a cheaper Rate, take the Liberty to illustrate my Way of Thinking, Writing, and Acting, both as to my theatrical and private Life, by the Apology which he has made for his own; nor can I think the Publick will be displeas'd to see what Kind of a Parallel will be drawn between a *Father* and *Son*, who have on many Occasions so remarkably distinguished themselves.

*Nam vitiis nemo sine nascitur, optimus ille
Qui minimis urgetur.*

* Since this was wrote, the Apology is sold for 5 s.

I shall therefore conclude this Introduction to my Story in his Words ; " Upon an honest Examination of my Heart, I am afraid the same Vanity which makes even homely People employ Painters to preserve a flattering Record of their Persons, has seduced me to print off this *Chiaro Oscuro* of my Mind."---But as he hopes immediately after, that no one will expect a Man of his *hasty Head* should confine himself to any *regular Method*, I am in equal Hope that no Method, or Connexion, or Regularity will be expected from mine : I shall also make *Digressions* in my Memoirs, when I think they begin to grow too *heavy* for the Readers *Digestion* * : for *Digressions* it seems are in this Kind of Writing what Eggs are in a Pudding, they *lighten* the Composition, and render it more palatable and digestive. This is my Apology, and the best Apology I can make for becoming my own *Biographer*.

I come to that customary and important Point in all Histories of *Great Men*, their *Birth*, *Parentage*, and *Education*. So great a Curiosity is there in Mankind to be informed of these Particulars, that almost every revolving Moon produces illustrious Memoirs of *Heroes* and *Heroines*, whom dire Destiny has allotted to a fatal End. As these Records are to preserve their Memories from more than *Lethæan* Oblivion, every minute Circumstance of their entering into the first *Scenes* of Life are related ; the Name of the Parents, their *Trade*, and *Calling*, and whether they sent them to *School*, and had them instructed in *Reading* and *Writing*, are told with great Fidelity. These Things, on mature Deliberation, may seem very trifling, and of no Signification to the World, whether they were known or not.--- Very true. --- But yet there is such an Avidity in human Nature for trifling, that these *Tyburnian* Memoirs are read by the *Great Vulgar*, and the *Small*, with no little Delectation. Was there no other Excuse than this Humour of Mankind, I know not how I could let my *Birth* be pass'd over in Silence ; but the Excuse my Father has made before me must stand for mine, which is what my Brother *Bayes* makes Prince *Prettyman* say in the *Rehearsal*,

* *Vide C. Cibber's Life*, p. 4.

viz. I only do it for fear I should be thought Nobody's Son at all.---Though I cannot think I use this *Theatrical Wit* with a Force equal to that which he quoted it ; for the publick having long known my Father, they have unanimously paid him a Compliment which all Fathers have not paid them, *viz.*---*That I am my Father's own Son.*---But whose *Son's Son* I was, guess from the following Extract, from the *Apologist* I imitate.---His Paragraph of *Lineage* runs thus:

" I was born in *London*, on the 6th of *November* 1671,
 " in *Southampton Street*, facing *Southampton House*. My
 " Father *Caius Gabriel Cibber*, was a Native of *Holstein*,
 " who came into *England* sometime before the Resto-
 " ration of King *Charles* the Second, to follow his Pro-
 " fession which was that of a Statuary, &c. The *Basso*
 " *Relievo* in the Pedestal of the great Column in the City,
 " and the two Figures of the Lunaticks, the *Raving* and
 " the *Melancholy*, over the Gates of *Bethlehem Hospital*
 " are no ill Monuments of his Fame as an Artist. My
 " Mother was the Daughter of *William Colley*, Esq; of
 " a very ancient Family of *Glaiston*, in *Rutlandshire*,
 " where she was born. My Mother's Brother *Edward*
 " *Colley*, Esq; (who gave my Christian Name) being the
 " last Heir-male of it, the Family is now extinct. I
 " shall only add, that in *Wright's History* of *Rutland-*
 " *shire*, publish'd 1684, the *Colleys* are recorded as *She-*
 " *riffs* and *Members* of *Parliament* from the Reign of
 " *Henry VII.* to the latter End of *Charles I.* in whose
 " Cause chiefly Sir *Anthony Colley*, my Mother's Grand-
 " father sunk his Estate from three thousand to about
 " three Hundred Pounds *per Annum*.

Although I am very far from laying any Strefs on the Pomp of Heraldry, and a long Scroll of *Family Descents*, for well I know, my Pedigree, though traced, (as I doubt not but it might be) to *William* the *Conqueror*, will confer no intrinsic Value on me ; for conscious I am, that any Regard to my Being, must be beam'd only by the Rays of Virtue ; yet, in *simple Truth*, I must confess, that I think I owe something to having good *Blood* in my *Veins*.---For a *Latin Poet* justly says ;

" *Qui viret in foliis venit a Radicibus humor,*
 " *Et Patrum in natos abeunt cum femine mores.*

Which

Which I thus venture to translate,

*The Leaves their Verdure from the Roots receive,
And Souls their Children have the Parents give.*

Every one who has read *Horace* knows,

Fortes creantur Fortibus, &c.

--- *Still from the Valiant are the Valiant sprung.*---

I need make no Application; but if *Valiant*, why not *Witty*?

These Scraps of *Latin* may seem very unnecessary for some; they might still seem more unnecessary, had not I translated them, for others. However, I cannot think them in the least *Bagatelle*: They introduce very properly, the next Thing I was to mention, which was my *Education*: Nay, when I have given such a Proof of it, as to quote *Latin* and translate it, I think no farther need be given: But however, as in my *Apology* I would be like another *Apologist*,

--- *Longo sed Proximus Intervallo*,---

I shall follow his Manner.

About the Year 1716, or 1717, I was sent by my Father to *Winchester School*, in order to be elected into *Winchester College*; for it seems, by my Father's Mother's Side, I was descended from *William of Wickham* the Founder.--- In what Branch, I am ingenuous enough to say I know not, yet from my Soul I condemn that vile Insinuation which a certain Counsellor, at a certain Trial, made, that it was by some collateral Branch, as *William of Wickham* was a Churchman at a Time when *Matrimony* was not allow'd of.--- The Inference is evident.--- But I will be bold to say, that glittering, glaring, glistening --- *Witwou'd Flash*, is as unjust as unmannerly.--- It equally affects all those educated in *Winchester College* (as well as he --- who was intended to be educated there;) as Descendants from the Founder.--- But to return.--- In this School I receiv'd the first and last Rudiments of Learning, as my Father did his at *Grantham* in *Lincolnshire*; but if he has more Learning than me, it is to be observed,

he went from the lowest Form to the highest, and I did not proceed above half the Way: Yet this Analogy appears between us. - - He says, * " Even there I remember I was the same inconsistent Creature I have been ever since, always in full Spirits, in some small Capacity to do Right, but in a more frequent Alacrity to do Wrong." - - Just such a Creature was, have been, and am - - - am I. - - He gives us as the first remarkable Error of his Life, † jesting, and jeering, and joking on a School-fellow. I have also been thrash'd unpity'd for the same Thing; but such Circumstances, even tho' my *Father's* Pen was to relate them, may be thought damn'd ridiculous. Be it enough that I was always eager of Fame and Glory, and making an *Ecclariſement* about the Town: I lov'd to make an Appearance, and remember in some extraordinary Adventure, the taking another Boy's *lac'd Hat* to wear, occasioned me much *posterior Anxiety*. But *Vive Hodie* was my Motto. - - Some immediate Satisfaction of my Passions, which were always varying, sometimes to *Dress*, sometimes to *Eating* or *Drinking*, &c. was my Desire from an *Infant*; and I am afraid some charitable Folk may say, I retain too much of the same Temper now I am a *Man*. - -

I very well remember, when I was a Child, I took an ambitious Liking to a *scarlet Cloak* with *Gold Trimings*, and wept most resolutely for the same, which was the only Means I could think of for coming at my Ends; but my Mother counterplotted me, and brib'd away my Pride with a crooked Sixpence: And indeed in those Days I would have drop'd my most towering Aims for a Lump of *gilded Ginger-bread*, or a *Custard*. Sometimes a *Goosberry-Tart* would cure a furious Fit of *Ambition*. - - Once, I remember, when I had thrown myself on the Ground with a Resolution to *die*, because my Father would not give me a *Horse* to ride; and manage as I thought proper, being then full five Years old; but my Mother cur'd this *Ambition* by

* *C. Cibber's Life*, p. 5.

† *Ibid*, p. 6.

shewing

shewing me a Pair of *new white Gloves*, and a Handful of *Cherries*.

I cannot pass by without throwing out some farther Reflections on these *boyish Tricks*, " * whether flat or " spirited, new or common, false or true, right or " wrong, they will be still my own, and consequently " like me ; I therefore go on to shew as well the Weak- " nefs as the Strength of my Understanding."

By a *Digression*, therefore, to make this Tittle Tattle fit *light* on a Reader's *Digestion*, I draw a Moral from it. --- Ambition, or Vanity, when uppermost, is bad for either Man or Child ; and as it makes Children naughty, it makes Men Children.

I have often thought my childish Ambition for a *scar- let Cloak*, of the same Stamp as we often meet with in higher Life : It is the same Principle which swells the Hearts of the Great, as puff'd up mine, and if a due Regard to Nature be observed, it will be allow'd so. For Instance, If a Man of the first Quality, as the Duke of --- I had almost nam'd his Title --- But, I say, suppose a Man of the first Quality, who had liv'd to about his thirtieth Year, despoing to be distinguish'd by any publick Gewgaw, opposing a Minister, from a Supposition of his being an evil one, should all of a sudden run bowing to that Minister's *Levee*, desert his Party, break with his Relations, and turn as great a Slave as any he despis'd --- Would not any one think there must be some great Power of Reason to cause so surprising a Change ? But what if it should be Ambition ? Would they not think something very *angust* was the Object of his Soul ? But if, after all, it was only a *Red Coat*, would not his Caprice of Ambition prove as ridiculous as mine for a *Red Cloak* ? --- I could illustrate my other childish Appetites by more Examples, were I not afraid the Partiality might give Offence to my Court-Friends ; for however like my Passions and some great Mens may, in fact, be, it is not my Interest nor Duty to make the Comparisons --- *Ex Pede Herculem*. --- However, I may observe that the Variety of my De-

* C. Cibber's Life, p. 6.

fires in my Childhood (for there was a Time when I was a Child) are such as are to be observ'd daily among Mankind: I have known a young Gentleman of Fortune set out with all the *hey-day* Expences of the Mode; yet when he found himself over-weigh'd with Appetites, he grew restless, kick'd up in the Middle of the Course, and turn'd his Back upon his Frolicks: I have also known a very witty young Fellow become a very grave Man, and yet, when he was in Company, and was call'd to it, could still make himself the FIDDLE of it.

If I were capable of Envy, this last Gentleman's Character would incline me to it; for to be wise, and at the same Time merry, is a State of Happiness in Perfection. " * When I speak of Happiness, I go no higher than that which is contain'd in the World we now tread upon; and when I speak of being merry, I don't simply mean what every Oaf is capable of, but that Kind of Mirth which not is more limited than recommended by that indulgent Philosophy,

" Cum Ratione insanire."

These Sentiments of my Philosophy I have express'd in the Words of that great Author whom I imitate, and of whose Sect I confess myself a Disciple: And I will here observe to the Reader, that through the whole Course of these *rhapsodical Memoirs*, I shall quote from that incomparable *Apologist* whatever may equally allude to myself; not only as my mean Style cannot reach his *Daintiness* of Expression, but as this Method will the better shew what an *Analogy* there is between us, - - - The Readers who are candid will say,

Juxta positi magis lucescunt.

But as to my Philosophy; for this is making a Digression in a Digression. - - - I remember a merry, laughing, witty, complaisant Fellow, who was always the most obsequious humble Servant of some Man of Fortune or other, compar'd himself once to a Philosopher, and the Founder of a new Sect: It was honest *Gnatbo*

* C. Cibber's Life, p. 12.

in one of *Terence's* Plays, who said all the Followers of his System should be call'd *Gnathonici*. --- I know not but from my Father's Apology some new Philosophers may arise, and Posterity not give a proper Title to their Sect, therefore I here mention that all who are of our Opinion may distinguish themselves by the Name of *CIBBERIANI*. --- To be a reasonable *Madman* is what I always would be, tho' I have too often been said, *insanire sine Ratione*. --- Some may say that I had better not be mad at all: --- But as my Father charmingly says, --- *Is this a Time of Day for me to leave off my Fooleries, and set up for a new Character? Can it be worth my while to waste my Spirits, to bake my Blood with serious Contemplations, and perhaps impair my Health in the fruitless Study of advancing myself into the better Opinion of those very --- very few wise Men, who may think different from me. No; the Part I have acted in real Life shall be all of a Piece.*

--- -- -- -- -- Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit --- -- --

I can no more put off my Follies than my Skin: I have try'd, but they stick too close to me; and when I have seen others, whose Rank and Fortune have laid a sort of Restraint upon their Liberty --- I have softly said to myself, --- Well, there is some Advantage in having neither Rank nor Fortune! --- Give me the Joy I always took in the End of an old Song:

My Mind, my Mind is a Kingdom to me.

Let the World call me any Fool but an uncheerful one! I live as I write; while my Way amuses me, it is as well as I wish it. --- The Man whose becalm'd Passions know no Motion seems to be in the quiet State of a green Tree; he vegetates 'tis true, but shall we say he lives?

O expressive Description! This is the *ratione insanire* in the very Stile; incomprehensibly sublime. --- O dainty Simile! A Tree, when it is green, and vegetates, and flourishes, cannot be said, in our Philosophy, to live. --- Reader take heed! for I have a strong Impulse to talk impertinently, and shew myself in all my
Lights.

Lights. - - - Here I could draw an imaginary Monarch, and dress him in all the Mockery of Greatness, with all the cumbersome Robes of Majesty, with all the Devastation of Ambition in his Thoughts, till my Imagination was heated and fatigu'd in dressing up a Phantome of Felicity ; - - - and what then ? - - - Why prove he was not half so happy a Fellow as myself.

Let them be Converts to the *Cibberian* Sect who will ; our Founder does not impose these Laws, but follows them *himself*, and is followed by *myself*. - - - If we are misguided, it is Nature's Fault ; We follow her, and reason good. - - - Nature has distinguish'd us from the Brute-Creation by our *Risibility* :

Homo animal Risibile est.

Her Design was, by our *Os Sublime* (our erected Faces) to Lift up the Dignity of our Form,

*God gave to Man an upright Face that he
Might view the Stars* - - - -

[Corner of an Almanack.

From this System, we may justly stile ourselves *natural* Philosophers.

But nevertheless, without divine Assistance, be we never so wise or foolish, we cannot reach this merry Felicity : So that all my *Parade* and *Grimace* of Philosophy, has been only making a Merit of following my own *Inclination* - - - - A very natural *Vanity* ! - - - - But this *Vanity* does not impose on me - - *Vanity* again ! - - - However think it, Reader, *Vanity* or not *Vanity*, or *this*, or *that*, or *t'other* that has drawn me into this copious Digression, it is now high Time to drop it. - - - After playing the Philosopher in this Manner, I shall now return to *School* again. - - - A Place where some of my *Witwou'd* Enemies may say would be very proper for me ; but as I have forestall'd their Jest, none but the dullest Rogues will pretend to make it.



C H A P. II.

*He that writes of himself not easily tir'd. Boys may
give Men Lessons. — Wrongly satiriz'd. —
On Satire. — Wrote generally for Bread. —
His Thoughts and Behaviour when satiriz'd, &c.*

AS my Pen is running over the Paper to form this Sentence, I am smiling, *Sir Reader*, to think what an odly contented Coxcomb I am to set myself down to write this *Apology* for my *Life*: But you know nothing gives a Coxcomb so much Pleasure as to talk of himself, which sweet Liberty I am now enjoying --- This Pleasure none but Authors as vain as myself can conceive. --- But to my Story.

However little worth Notice the Actions of a *School-boy* may seem, yet as they act on the same Motives as Men, their Consequences are worth observing, because it is some Kind of Satisfaction to behold in what Degree the Dawn of a Genius first appear'd. For this Reason *Mr. Colley Cibber* * tells you, that at School *he made an Oration on King Charles the II's Death, when all the Boys in his Form, out of Modesty, thought such a Performance above his Capacity, and was laugh'd at, and jeer'd, and hated as a pragmatistical Bastard*: For this Reason he acquaints you, that with the least Restraint to *Modesty*, he did what would have frighten'd a Boy of a meek Spirit from attempting. --- He made an *English Ode on King James's Coronation*, and made it in half an Hour. --- "The very Word *Ode*, then adds he, makes

* *Vide Apology, p. 20.*

" you

"you smile, and so it does me, not only because it still
 "makes so many poor Devils turn Wits upon it, but
 "from a more agreeable Motive; from a Reflection
 "that for half a Century afterwards I should be call'd
 "upon twice a Year, by my Post, to make the same
 "Kind of Oblations." . . . Here the Reader sees, in the
Paris Naturalibus, that Dawn of Genius which *bashful*
Modesty could never restrain from writing, and who still
 makes such *Odes* which all the poor *Devils* of *Wits* can-
 not put him out of Conceit of. . . . But to *myself* . . .

I cannot say that among my School-Fellows I made
 any great Figure, or raised their Envy by any learned
 Compositions; yet, I know not how it was, I had then
 an innate Kind of Propensity to Scribbling; and with-
 out any partial Flattery to myself, I can affirm I chose,
 or rather accidentally struck into one Species of Writing,
 in which I was not only then without an Equal, but have
 remained so ever since.

Here, perhaps, I may again seem vain! But if the
 Facts are true, how can I help it? If I have a tolerable
 Feature, will not that as much belong to my Picture
 as my Imperfection? In a Word, the Story is this.

While I was at *Winchester*, there came some *Prize-*
Fighters from the *Bear-Garden* at *London*; and as I
 was always fond of *Heroes* and martial Deeds, I intro-
 duced myself into the Company of these Knight-Er-
 rants of the Blade: It happen'd that however brave the
 Heroes were, they were not very learned: In truth
 they could neither write nor read. It was on this Occa-
 sion that they desir'd me being a better Scholard, (*Prize-*
fighters Language) to pen their *Challenges*, which they
 instructed me to indite. . . . Here I gave the first De-
 monstration of my Parts; for having been us'd at *Lon-*
don to read Playhouse Bills, and hear *Tragedies*, my
 Father being Master of a Playhouse, I wrote their Bills
 of *Challenge* with such Art, and express'd the Heroes
 Thoughts in such magnanimous Phraze, that they a-
 larm'd the Soul of the Reader, and rous'd up a greater
 Desire for a Gladiatorial Spectacle than all the Drums
 in *Christendom*. . . . These Challenges of my inditing
 had wonderful Success; the People were amaz'd at the
 swelling Pompousness of the Heroes Language, and
 consequently

consequently imagined that those who were terribly courageous with their *Pen*, must be very *Lions* at the *Sword*: But alas! it is one Thing *Scribere*, and another *Agere*: Their Valour did not near equal the Nobleness of my Description; for the Battle they fought was a sham one. . . . However, they returned their grateful Acknowledgments to me, and I was Author of all their Challenges, which, with much Art, I diversify'd during their whole Stay.

Well says some grave Annotator, who has not heard some private Anecdotes of my Life, what do you infer from this Tale? . . . Hear another, and take the Inference of them both together. . . . Some Space of Time had elaps'd since my Heroes of the Blade left *Winchester*, when a Company of Hireling Actors arriv'd. I soon made myself known to them, and was accordingly admitted to their Rehearsals: One Morning I casually took up a Paper, which was a written Bill of the Performance they were to exhibit in the Evening. I immediately found there was something deficient, or at least something that might be alter'd to raise the Expectation of the Populace, and bring a better Audience to the House: I communicated my Thoughts very freely to the Master of the Company, and shew'd such an *uncommon Genius* for writing and composing a *Play-house Bill*, that, with a complaisant Bow, he intreated me to write theirs. I comply'd with his Request, and wrote them in such a *promissory Way*, (a Way which has been since call'd *Puffing*) that they engross'd the Attention of the Town, and by an attractive Quality, brought them several good Audiences. . . . I cannot pass by one Thing; the Master of the Company, and his *Roxana*, were of an ambitious Spirit, to indulge which, I ordered their Names to be printed *six Times* as large as any of the Rest of the Performers: An Article of *Stage-Vanity*, which I have since most frequently practis'd with much Glee of Heart and Pomp-Magnificent.

Now to apply these Stories: from such small Beginnings, my Genius soar'd to an unequal Height; and I have had, for this Species of writing, no one hardy enough to become my Competitor in Fame. With a pleasant Recordation of Mind I think what Praises were
bestowed

bestowed on the Advertisements, and the Bills of the *Bear-Garden*, while I had, for some Years, the Honour of writing them: They were attributed to my Pen, and the most partial Witling that ever pretended to be arch upon me, would allow that in this I was inimitable. . . . I shall not mention what Degree of Excellence I have arriv'd to in *Theatrical Bills*, and *Advertisements*, and *Puffs*, and *Paragraphs*: My *Modesty* will not suffer me to give to *Posterity*, in these Memoirs, what the present Age says of them: Be it enough, that there is that *Something* in them which no one can hit but *myself*.

From what I have mention'd, I would observe this; that wherever there is Merit there is a heavy Tax laid on it; Envy and Malice will demand a considerable Share of the Praise which is due to you: However great my Success has been in the Species of Writing, I have describ'd above, yet it has rais'd me many Enemies; Persons who cannot bear to see any shining Parts in another, without endeavouring, by a Cloud of intervening Darkness, to eclipse them. The little Genius that I have, and which hereditarily descends to me from a paternal Source of Wit, has often occasion'd me, in the very Spring-time of my Life, to become the But of witless Censure and Invektive; and the same Reason makes me frequently the Object of Raillery in publick Coffee-houses and publick News Papers. But as the greater Poll of Mankind would rather vote for Censure than Commendation; Satire has a thousand Readers where Panegyrick has one; therefore when I see my Name, or Characteristick for my Name, in a Journal or Pamphlet, I look on it as an Artifice of the Author to get a Dinner: He considers that my Face and Name are more known than many thousands of more Consequence in the Kingdom; that therefore, right or wrong, a Lick at poor *THE*, or the *Young Captain*, or *Ancient Pistol*, or by what other Name soever they please, to dignify and distinguish me, will be a sure Bait *ad caprandum Vulgus*, to catch little Readers, and gratify the Unlearn'd. . . . In almost these very Words the *Laureat Apologist* makes his Complaint, on being fatiriz'd with his Name at length by Mr. *Pope*. . . . And I must add, that

as Mr. *Pope* (for let him be as great a Satyrift as he will I am not afraid to speak out) for the Sake of the Pence, fatyriz'd the inculpable Mr. *Cibber*. It was for that Reason, and that Reason only, that Mr. *Cibber's* Son must be mention'd in his Rhymes. . . . What else could provoke him to say,

--- *Shall Cibber's Son without Rebuke,
Ourswear a Lord?---*

Pope's Imitation of Horace.

--- Well they may say what they will of the *Cibbers*, but it must be a Proof they have something very singularly exquisite in their Ways and Manners, when their very Names carry a Joke in them. --- But this Detraction of these Retailers of Wit is most admirably compar'd to * Dung " thrown upon a Meadow, though it may at first " seem to deform the Prospect, in a little Time it will " disappear of it self, and leave an involuntary Crop of " Praise behind it." To cope with such Antagonists would be ridiculous; for as the same Author wittily says, " Would my bearing ill Language from a Chimney-sweeper do me less Harm, than it would be to box " him, though I was sure to beat him."

As no Wit or Criticism can make me worse than I am, no serious Reply I can offer will make me better. I have indeed sometimes been induc'd to give publick Answers, and publick Appeals; but I think, in my own Judgment, and by experimental Knowledge, that such a Proceeding is wrong: It is more eligible to be severely strict to the Principle laid down by Mr. *Cibber sen.* which is to join in the Laugh against *myself*, and honestly say of myself all may be said against me. What he says on writing an Apology for his Life †, is the Motto to mine; nor can I add any Thought of my own to so just and impartial a Description. --- It may be said, that this being before Hand with the Wits, is all Affectation in me, and my giving myself Airs of shewing myself my Father's own Son, is too true to make a Jest of. --- He

* *Colley Cibber's Life*, p. 25.

† *Vide Motto.*

quotes a Line on such an Occasion, * *Cinna (or Cibber)*
Videri Pauper vult, & est Pauper.

" *When humble Cinna cries, --- I'm poor and low,*

" *You may believe him --- He is really so.*

I shall give the *Latin* Line a different Turn.

*The Cibbers both themselves dull Rogues declare,
 But what they say in Jest, in Truth they are.*

Yet after all, what can all the Squirts and Poppuns of
 Jest and Raillery avail against the seven-fold Shield of
Confidence and Contempt?

*My Soul is like an ample Shield,
 Can take in All, and Verge enough for more.*

Who can make me more ridiculous than Nature has
 made me? If then, Sir *Critick*, you attack this Apology
 to expose me, take Care you don't expose yourself; if
 you write to shew your Parts, and Genius, and all that,
 why, you are as errant a Fool and Coxcomb as me †;
 " But perhaps you may want Bread: If that be the Case,
 " even go to Dinner in God's Name; whatever you in-
 " tend me as a Disfavour, will fly back into your own
 " Face, as it happens to Children who squirt at their
 " Play-fellows against the Wind."

When a Person of any Spirits and Genius once gets in-
 to a Dissertation on himself, he is a good while before
 he can get to the End of the Chapter; the pleasant Sub-
 ject steals imperceptibly upon him, nor ever thinks he,
 while he is not weary of writing, any one else may be
 weary of reading: I was saying to shew a Contempt for
 low Wit, and to laugh at it yourself was the readiest
 Way to take the off the Laugh.---Now, Reader, if you are
 not tir'd, I'll tell you a *Story*.--- If you are, --- lay aside
 the Book, and come again when you have a better Ap-
 petite.

In that Year when the Stage fell into great Commo-
 tions, and the *Drury Lane* Company asserting the glo-
 rious Cause of *Liberty* and *Property*, made a Stand a-
 gainst the Oppressions in the Patentees. In that memo-
 rable Year when the Theatrical Dominions fell in labour

* *C. Cibber's Life*, p. 27.

† *Ditto*.

of a *Revolution*; under the Conduct of *myself*, that *Re-*
volt gave occasion to several Pieces of Wit and satirical
Flirts at the Conductor of the Enterprize. I was at-
 tack'd, as my Father had been before me, in the publick
 Papers and Journals; and the burlesque Character of
Pistol was attributed to me as a real one. Out came a
 Print of *Jack Laquerres*, representing, in most vile de-
 signing, this Expedition of ours, under the name of the
Stage Mutiny; in which, gentle Reader, your humble
Servant, in the *Pistol* Character, was the principal Fi-
 gure. This I laugh'd at, knowing it only a proper Em-
 bellishment for one of these necessary Structures to
 which Persons only out of Necessity repair. --- But now
 comes the grand Attack; a Summer Company was at
 this Juncture performing at *Covent-Garden Theatre*;
 and our Transactions, and my Character, were thought
 worthy to be represented on the Stage. Accordingly
 a young Spark, who was just come from *Trinity College*
 at *Cambridge*, to set up for an Author in Town, and who
 had just before wrote a Farce, call'd the *Mock-Lawyer*,
 thought this a proper Time to exercise his *Genius*. To
 work he went, and *Pistol* was to be his Heroe: A Farce
 was wrote, and perform'd, and the Bent of it was to ri-
 dicule poor *me*: Tone of Elocution, my buskin Tread,
 my Elevation of Countenance, my Dignity of Gesture,
 and expressive Rotation of Eye-balls: In short, all my
 Manner was burlesqu'd, and a mock Pomp of Words,
 which were a Parody of Tragedy Speeches, and *Pistol's*
 Bombast run through the Character. --- This I will say,
 the *Thing* was so well tim'd, and the Person who
 mimick'd me did it so well, that it succeeded far beyond
 any the least intrinsic Merit that was in it. --- But where
 am I again digressing? --- How d'ye think I behav'd on
 this Occasion? I knew if there was any Thing smart
 upon me the Audience would very readily laugh at it,
 and indeed at a Rehearsal I thought some Things smart
 enough. --- What then did I, but plac'd myself in one of
 the Side-boxes, in the full Front of the House, and
 was resolv'd, like *Cibber's* self,

'*Shood to stand them all.* —

Epilogue to *Nonjuror*.

C

Well,

Well, the Scene open'd, and on *Pistol's* appearing there was a thundering Clap, and all the Eyes in the House converted on *me*; every Sentence that hit at *me*, the Joke was heighten'd by looking at *me*, who laugh'd as much at *them*, and the *Poverty* of the *Author's* Wit, as the Author or the Audience could possibly do at *me*, but seem'd only to join the Chorus, and laugh for mere good Humour. Towards the last Scene the Author had introduc'd a Sale of theatric Goods, and one of the Properties put up to be dispos'd of, --- was *APOLLO's crack'd Harp, and wither'd Crown of Bayes*. --- Upon which a Character on the Stage reply'd, --- *Oh! Pray lay that aside for Mr. Pistol, he will claim that by hereditary Right*. — This immediately put the whole House in a Roar, — and *Encore, Encore*, was all the Cry. --- Here the whole Pit stood up and look'd at *me*. — I join'd the laughing *Encore*, and in the Repetition of the low Witticism, clap'd heartily. — This joining with the Humour of the Multitude, could give them no Pleasure; and what signifies being a little severe on one's Self, to prevent other People's being so. — This was my Way of Thinking:

Insuevit Pater optimus hoc me.

*This Art profound, this happy Thought,
My good, my modest Father taught.*

I am always proud to show in what Steps I trod: Read the next quoted Paragraph.

" * In the Year 1730 there were many Authors, whose
" Merit wanted nothing but Interest to recommend them
" to the vacant laurel, and who took it ill to see it
" conferr'd on a Comedian, insomuch that they were
" resolv'd at least to shew Specimens of their superior
" Pretensions; and accordingly enliven'd the publick
" Papers with ingenious Epigrams, and satirical Flirts
" at the unworthy Successor. These Papers my Friends
" put into my Hands with a wicked Smile, and desired
" me to read them fairly in Company. This was a Chal-

* *C. Cibber's Apology*, p. 28.

“ lence I never declin’d, and to do my doubty Anta-
 “ gonists Justice, I always read them with as much im-
 “ partial Spirit as if I had writ them myself: While I
 “ was thus beset on all Sides, out steps a poetical
 “ Knight-Errant to my Assistance, who was hardy enough
 “ to publish some compassionate Stanza’s in my Favour.
 “ These, you may be sure, the Raillery of my Friends
 “ could say I had written to *myself*. To deny it I knew
 “ would have confirm’d their Suspicion: I therefore told
 “ them since it gave them such Joy to believe them my
 “ own, I would do my best to make the whole Town
 “ think so too. --- As the Odness of this Reply was,
 “ I knew, what would not be easily comprehended, I
 “ desir’d them to have a Day’s Patience, and I would
 “ print an Explanation to it. To conclude, in two Days
 “ after I sent this Letter, with some doggerel Rhimes
 “ at the Bottom.”

To the Author of the Whitehall-Evening-Post.

S I R,

“ **T**HE Verses to the *Laureat* in yours of *Saturday*
 “ last, have occasion’d the following Reply, which
 “ I hope you’ll give a Place in your next, to shew we
 “ can be quick as well as smart, upon a proper Occa-
 “ sion: And as I think it the lowest Mark of a *Scoundrel*
 “ to make bold with any Man’s Character in Print, with-
 “ out subscribing the true Name of the Author; I
 “ therefore desire, if the *Laureat* is concern’d enough to
 “ ask the Question, that you will tell him my Name,
 “ and where I live; till then I beg Leave to be known
 “ by no other Name than that of,

Your Servant,

FRANCIS FAIRPLAY.

Monday, January 11, 1730.

These were the Verses.

I.

*Ab! Hab! Sir Coll. Is that thy Way,
 Thy own dull Praise to write?*

C 2

And

*And wouldst thou stand so sure a Lay?
No, that's too stale a Bite.*

II.

*Nature and Art in thee combine,
Thy Talents here excel;
All shining Brass thou dost outshine,
To play the Cheat so well.*

III.

*Who sees thee in Iago's Part,
But thinks thee such a Rogue,
And is not glad, with all his Heart,
To hang so sad a Dog.*

IV.

*When Bayes thou play'st, thyself thou art
For that by Nature fit,
No Blockhead better suits the Part
Than such a Coxcomb Wit.*

V.

*In Wronghead too thy Brains we see,
Who might do well at Plough;
As fit for Parliament was He,
As for the Laurel Thou.*

VI.

*Bring thy protected Verse from Court,
And try it on the Stage,
There it will make much better Sport,
And set the Town in Rage.*

VII.

*There Beaux and Wits, and Cits and Smarts,
Where Hissing's not uncivil,
Will shew their Parts to thy Deserts,
And send it to the Devil.*

VIII.

*But Ah! in vain 'gainst thee we write,
In vain thy Verse we maul!*

Our sharpest Satire's thy Delight,
For - - - Blood! thou'lt stand them all.

IX.

Thunder, 'tis said, the Laurel spares,
Nought but thy Brows could blast it;
And yet, - - - Oh curst provoking Stars!
Thy Comfort is, thou hast it.

These doggrel Verses I have quoted with the same Design as the *Laureat* publish'd them in his *Apology*, to shew you his particular Cast of Temper, and consequently from what Fountain I have deriv'd mine. I cannot lose this Opportunity of mentioning another *Analogy* between us: As in our Tempers there is a peculiar Similitude, so there is in our Faculties in Writing. * He has too bold a Disregard for that Correctness which others set so just a Value on; . . . and when he speaks any Thing that delights him he finds it difficult to keep his Words within the Bounds of common Sense. . . . Even when he writes, the same Failing gets the better of him, and Instances that well-known Expression of his, 'That Mrs. Oldfield out-did her usual Outdoings. . . . Now have not I in all my Writings, shewn a thorough Disregard for pedant Correctness: In all my Speeches on the Stage, have not I, in the fullness of my Heart, broke through all Bounds of Common Sense? . . . Yet I must confess, though I have given many flat Writers Occasion to be brisk upon my general Stile, I was never so floridly happy as to make one single Expression a Standard Jest for ten Years together: I never hit on a Verb with so pleasant an Accusative after it, as could have such an Effect †; for wherever the Verb *OUTDO* could be brought in, the pleasant Accusative *OUTDOING* was sure to follow it; and, *Derives repitita place-ret*, says the Apologist. . . . It has been said of this very Sentence, that the pleasant Accusative *Outdoing* is Nonsense, as it is not Grammar. . . . But pray let me ask such Pedants, Is there not a *Licentia* of a *Quidlibet*

* C. Cibber's Life, p. 31, 32. † Vide p. 32.

Audendi, which all great *Genius's* claim? . . . Let cold phlegmatic Writers, like dull Pack-horses, keep to the beaten Path; Men of Fire and Spirit, like Nags that have Blood in their Veins, will bounce out of the Road, start into full Speed, and show their Mettle. --- Again: --- Is it not a Characteristick of Excellence to have a Style so peculiarly singular, that in the reading half a Page you are sure of the Author? Has not the great *Bentley* gone on in this Principle, in all his most erudite Castigations? --- Catching the Style of the Authors, has he not said of *Horace* and *Terence*, --- *Sic scripsit*. --- Thus he wrote? --- Has he not said, --- *Aut sic scripsisse debuit*. --- Or so he should have wrote? --- Has he not boldly asserted. --- *Sic lege meo periculo*. --- Read thus at my Peril? --- The same Method he has taken with *Milton*. --- The amount of all this is, if a singular Style is a Demonstration of a Genius, I will venture, without any Infringement on Modesty, to affirm that the *Cibberian* Style is a Proof of very remarkable Talents; and I know not but some future Critick will quote, that to hit on a *pleasant Verb*, followed by a *pleasant Accusative*, is a Mark of Excellence: Nor am I without Hopes, but that there are some rhetorical Boldnesses in my Compositions, which may be admir'd by late Posterity. ---

Now the Reader may think this is all said with Seriousity. --- No, Mr. *Cibber*, *sen.* confesses that to *outdo* an *Outdoing* is a *vile Jingle*; nor can I deny that there may be some few Expressions in my Writings which may perhaps raise a Smile. --- But what then; it is our Happiness, though we write such Things seriously, we can laugh at them jocosely, --- when others begin to laugh; and if other good Writers cannot do the same, they want that good Sense which some other People may be endow'd with. --- If you write well, your * *Work* will go *without Crutches*; or would I † *publickly* put every *Argument to Death* that appears against me. This were to be an Executioner instead of a Gentleman. Praise is a *voluntary Tax* paid by the Publick; they

* *C. Cibber's Life*, p. 33.

† *Vide Ditto*.

may chuse whether they will pay it or not; but in the End *Merit* will *compel* them to it.

To conclude, the Substance of all that I have said, might as well been said at first, in two Lines of a great Author, and which, in a great Character I have often spoke with Applause.

* *Si fortuna me tormento,
Sperato me contento.*

Two Lines in the Character of *Pistol* in *Henry* the 4th.



CHAP. III.

The Author's several Chances for the Church, the Court, and the Army. — Design'd for the University. — Took to the Stage. — Political Thoughts, with many others, which can be only known by the Reader's Perusal, &c. &c. &c.

AFTER the long Digression which I made in the last Chapter, and the *Truant* which I have so long play'd from School, I am at a Loss for an *Apology* to address the Reader: I left myself at *Winchester* School, not making the greatest *Eclat* in *Classical*, *Grammatical*, and such Learning, yet distinguishing myself by some puerile Excellencies: My Father, to be sure, had some great *Designations* of me, of being a *Bishop*, or perhaps an *Arch-bishop*, he intending me for the *Church*, as he himself had been intended. --- But to neither of us. --- *Sic Dii Voluere*. --- To introduce my Story in this third Chapter, I must quote the Introduction to his. ---

"* I am now come to that Crisis of my Life when Fortune seem'd to be at a Loss what she should do with me: Had she favour'd my Father's first Designation of me, he might then perhaps have had as sanguine Hopes of my being a Bishop, as I afterwards conceiv'd of being a General: Nay, I had a third Chance, of becoming an Underpropper of the State. How I came to be none of these, the Sequel will inform you."

My Father, as I before hinted, had conceiv'd great Designations of me; but there was a Concatenation of Things, which occasion'd me to follow the same Tract which he had trod in before. I was not elected into *Winchester College*: All the Reasons may not be altogether so proper to repeat: I unfortunately mistook the Sense of a Line in *Virgil*:

Nisus amore pio pueri, &c.

However to this Day I cannot think the making a false *Comment* on a Passage in a *Heathen* Author, should be a Disqualification for Ecclesiastic Preferment. --- Be that however as it will, it was, I think, about the Year 1720, when a Change of Ministry was happening at *London*, and the Right Honourable Sir R----- W----- was about to make that illustrious Figure in *Europe*, which we have since seen; while the Nation was in Labour of such a *Production*, my Affairs also were in Labour of some Event, when I happen'd to be sent up to *London* to my Father, to be turn'd loose into the Bustle of the World. --- At this Juncture you cannot but observe that the Fate of Sir R. W. and T. C. were at the same Time upon the Anvil: In what shape they would afterwards appear was only Guess-work: What Characters we have since attain'd, all *Europe* knows in Regard to Him, all *Britain* in Regard to Me.

But a still more remarkable Crisis happen'd to Mr. Colley Cibber, on his Return from being a Candidate for *Winchester College*: Take his own Story. --- "The Nation now fell in Labour of the Revolution: The Prince of Orange was landed in the *West*; my Fa-

* *Vide C. Cibber's Life* p. 34.

ther was in Arms under the *Duke of Devonshire*, but I jump'd into his Saddle, and he return'd to *Chatsworth*, where he was at Work. At this Crisis King *James* and the Prince of *Orange*, and that of so minute a Being as myself, were at once upon the Anvil. In what Shape they would severally come out, though a good *Guess* might be made, was not then *demonstrable* to the deepest Foresight. - - But, adds he, if one Month sooner I had been at the University, who knows but by this Time, that purer Fountain might have wash'd my Imperfections into a Capacity of writing (instead of Plays and Annual Odes) Sermons, and pastoral Letters."

And *who knows*, if I had attach'd myself to the Order of Priesthood, what a Figure I might by this Time have made: I might, instead of writing *Country Correspondents*, and *Daily Gazetteers*, have penn'd *Characters* of Queens, and spoke Speeches from a Reverend Bench in Defence of Prime Ministers.

You must now consider me at a Period of Time which produced such a Change in publick Affairs, which, as I can now judge of them, were of great Consequence to the Nation. When I think of this *Aera*, being famous for a Change, that made Sir *R. Prime Minister*; I naturally digress on Prime Ministers, and the Changes they are wish'd to meet with. * "While great Men want great Posts, the Nation will never want seeming Patriots; and no Ministers but will be heartily rail'd at. But I cannot forbear thinking that they who have been longest rail'd at, must from that Circumstance show in some Sort the Proof of a Capacity." If this Circumstance of being long rail'd at is an undubitable Characteristick of a wise and able Minister, the *Right Honourable Gentleman*, whose Crisis of Fortune was depending at the same Time, as mine has been, the most able and wise Minister that ever manag'd the Affairs of this Nation. Notwithstanding this Proof of Capacity, *he* and his *Measures* have been talk'd of much in the same Manner as Mr. *C. Cibber* politically remarks

* *C. Cibber's Life*, p. 38.

People did of King *James* and his Conduct. “ * It is
 “ incredible (says that Historian) with what Freedom
 “ and Contempt the common People in the open Streets
 “ talk’d of his *wild Measures*, yet we of the Vulgar
 “ had no farther Notion of any Remedy for this Evil,
 “ than a satisfy’d Presumption that our Numbers were
 “ too great to be master’d by his mere Will and Pleasure;
 “ that though he might be too hard for our Laws, yet
 “ he could never get the better of our Nature; and to
 “ drive all *England* into Slavery, he would find would
 “ be teaching an old Lion to dance.”

There are, I say, Men malecontent and weak enough
 to talk in this Manner of Sir R----- and (to use the a-
 bove *elegant* and apt Simile) who think themselves too
old Lions to be taught to dance.--- But I don’t see how
 they can help it; for, to compare this *great Man* to
 what he has never yet been compar’d, he is like another
 ORPHEUS, who can make these *old Lions* move to the
Tune he plays, and they must dance, while he (using
 another of the *Laureat’s* Expressions) is the *Fiddle* of
 the Nation.

These are a few of my political Notions, by which you
 may see what a Sort of a Party-Man I am; but if talking of
 the Minister has drawn me at any Time ever so far out of
 my Depth, I still flatter myself I have kept a *simple, ho-
 nest Head above Water*. And it is a solid Comfort, how
 insignificant soever I may seem, that I have made One a-
 mong many others, who have wrote Papers and Pamph-
 lets, to prove the happy Effects of this present Administra-
 tion. — Thus may I be said to have become, in Reality,
 an *Underpropper* of the State, which my Father, not get-
 ting a Place in the † *Secretary’s Office*, never arriv’d at.

But to recover the Clue of my History: I was now
 come from *Winchester* to *London*, to turn out into the
Bustle of the World, in which, according to my Rank
 of Life, I have made more Bustle than any one before
 me: My Father did not know well what to do with me;
 for I had so remarkable a Genius, that I was fit for any
 Thing, and yet fit for nothing. In this Vacancy of his

* *G. Cibber’s Life*, p. 39.

† *Vide C. Cibber’s Life.*

Resolution,

Resolution, being a forward Youth, I wanted to know something of the World, which Knowledge I soon attain'd, and began to run into the *hey-day* Gallantries of a Man of Mode: In short, I thought myself a very *pretty Fellow*. The *clear Emanations* of *Beauty* struck me into a Regard for the fair Sex, that had something softer than profound Respect. I could not resist its Power, which is efficacious on all; for *Beauty, like the Sun, shines into equal Warmth, the Peasant and the Courtier*: So good a Taste my first hopeful Entrance into Manhood let out with. --- * My Father had the same Kind of Heart, which was ready to be *shone into Warmth*, and he handsomely † apologizes, that as he was waiting at Table on the present *Dutchess's Dowager* of *Marborough*, in the Year of the Revolution, these two Words, || *Some Wine and Water*; --- These two Words only, that very single Sound, struck upon his Senses, which were collected into his Eyes, by the *clear Emanation* of her *Beauty*. --- This gay Spirit of mine gave some Uneasiness to my good Mother, but my Father laugh'd at it, as a pleasing Recordation of himself: To hear of some of my youthful Sallies, which were the Effects of great Spirits, and into which none but your great *Genii* run; to see an honest Boldness, or modest Assurance in Countenance and Speech, which none but Men conscious of Merit have. This must give him a pleasing Recordation of Mind; then he might truly cry out with Extasy, ---

§ - - - - - " *Hoc est
" Vivere bis, vita pisse priore frui.*

Which he since translates thus;

" *When Years no more of active Life retain,
" 'Tis Youth renew'd to laugh 'em o'er again.*

But which I translate, for I can translate as well as he, thus:

* *Vide* Apology, p. 42.

† The same Page.

|| *Ditto*, for this Relation and these Phrases.

§ Motto to *Cibber's* Life.

*'Tis to live twice, to see the Life you led
Again liv'd over by the SON you bred.*

Or thus :

*'Twas to live twice, --- Twice the same Acts enjoy,
To see the same still practis'd by his Boy.*

After this Interval of Idleness, some Views of Life were set before my Eyes, as the Army or the City. The Army I lik'd tolerably; nay, so well, that I partly took upon myself, and was partly complimented by my Companions, with the News of *Caprain*. — And it is with some Pleasure I hear myself call'd the *young Caprain* to this Day. But a small Commission, however more honourable it might seem, I began to know was not so profitable as the Profession of an Actor: And though my Father, at the Revolution, had Thoughts of being a General-Officer, Things were now chang'd; and I have often bless'd my Stars for my preferring the Theatre to the Camp; on that I have been a Heroe, strutted with a golden *Truncheon*, nodded Command to *Roman Legions*, and old *British Bands*. In the Army I might have still trail'd a Lieutenant's Half-pike, and in some Country Quarters liv'd inglorious; for Years pacific roll'd revolving round; the Spirit-stirring Drum, the Ear-piercing Fife, all Pride, Pomp, Circumstance of glorious War have long'd been lost in Peace, which long Farewel have told the Soldier's Occupation, lost. — 'Twas on the Stage alone I promis'd myself much Pleasure, much Income, and much Reputation: — Nor is a theatric Profession so contemptible as some affect to think. " Was a little foolish Prejudice laid aside, * Mr. C. Cibber truly says, that many a well-born younger Brother, and many a Beauty of low Fortune would gladly have adorn'd the Theatre, who, by their not being able to brook such Dishonour to their Birth, have pass'd away Lives decently unheeded and forgotten." In short, it is better to be this or that on the Stage, so you get handsomly by it, than live in any Degree of Igno-

* C. Cibber's Life, p. 46.

miny or not Ignominy off from it; that is, there is no Ignominy on the Stage, or, if you will, the Stage is above Ignominy.

See this Period: "I remember (says Mr. *Cibber* *) a Lady with a real Title, whose female Indiscretions had occasion'd her Family to abandon her, being willing to make an honest Penny of what Beauty she had left, desir'd to be admitted an Actress: Her Relations oppos'd it for Reasons easy to be guess'd at: It was not our Interest to make an honourable Family our Enemies, and she was refus'd. Here you find her honest Endeavour to get Bread from the Stage, (*i. e.* to make an honest Penny of her Beauty) was look'd on as an additional Scandal to her former Dishonour; so that I am afraid, had the Lady sold Patches and Pomatum in a Band-Box from Door to Door, she might have starv'd with less *Infamy*, than reliev'd her Necessity by being famous on the Stage." — In short, 'tis no Ignominy to be *la Dameselle de Plaisir* in a Theatre. - - -

But notwithstanding all I have said, and my Father before me, the Profession of a Player still continues, as by his Memoirs I find it has always done, to be held by many Gentlemen and People of Quality in no great Esteem; and many outrageous Insults have been committed by Persons, who would be thought Gentlemen, on Actors, whom they dar'd not have used so in any other Place but a Theatre. But these Insulters of *Audiences*, as well as *Players*, are not to be rul'd, there is no contending with them; they are all Patriots, Liberty and Property Men, who roar out to defend their *Magna Charta*, of doing what they will in a Theatre. This Usage of Players, Mr. *Cibber* says, "keeps young People of Sense from coming on the Stage; they fear entering into a Society, whose Institution if not abused, is an excellent School of Morality: But alas!" as *Shakspear* says:

"Where's that Place where into sometimes
"Foul Things intrude not?"

* *C. Cibber's Life*, p. 46.

And really the Abuse of the Stage by the Actors, be it as great as it will, by acting indiscreetly in their private Lives, it is not greater than the Abuse that those noisy Rioters make of it by their publick Disturbances: I cannot apprehend what rational Authority this *Society for the Reformation of theatrical Manners* can plead, to call an Actor to an Account on the Stage for what he has done off it: Would any Judge pay less Regard for a Counsellor's Argument at the Bar, because he may be an indiscreet, or even a bad Man at home? — But it is otherwise at our theatric Bar of Judgment; our *Judges* are also *Jury*, and likewise *Executioners*; and though you appear there not as your own Person, they make you the *Culprit*, put you immediately on your *Trial*, — and *G--d send you a good Deliverance*. — But I may say what I will against these unjust, unlimited Insults, yet the Player who falls under such a Caprice of publick Displeasure, must be left *adrift*, and ride out the Storm as well as he is able.

I would here speak of some Storms which poor I have been *adrift* in, and which I have out-rod by that admirable Stage Apothegm,

'Sblood I'll stand you all.

But that Anecdote will fall under my Pen in a subsequent Chapter: To conclude this; the View of rising some Time or other to live in that modish Affluence, jovial Gaiety, and seeming Importance, in which my Father and some others I saw liv'd, was the flattering Light by which I steer'd my Course: Such Temptations were too strong for so warm a Vanity as mine to resist; on the Stage I came, being entered, according to my Merit, at a very low Salary; and now, gentle and most candid Reader, your Curiosity is from thence to expect a farther Account of me.



C H A P. IV.

The Author follows Mr. Colley Cibber's Method of History. — A short History of the Stage and Actors, from the Restoration to the Revolution. — Their Characters. — Why given, &c.

AS I have profess'd myself an humble Imitator of Mr. C. Cibber's peculiar Manner of *historical Narrations*, I hope the Reader will not think frequent *Digressions* from my own Actions and Life, any Way inconsistent; for though I have only promis'd an Account of the material Occurrences of the Theatre during my *own Time*, yet a short History of the Theatre, from the *Restoration* to the *Revolution*, and from thence to the present Year 1740, may be worth more Notice than giving the Publick an Account of my youthful Adventures, for which, little *Apology*, I am afraid, can be made. As in an Account of this Nature I cannot make use of my own Knowledge and Judgment, I must claim the Privilege of all *Historians*, of having Recourse to those Authors who have treated on the Subject before: Nor shall I omit that Part, which modern History is much founded on, *Oral Tradition*: To these I shall add such Intelligence as I could collate from such *ancient Records* as still remain in the *Archives* of the *Theatre*. But though I may severally use all these Aids, the chief Support which I shall rely on, will be the *Memoirs* which Mr. C. Cibber has, with great *Authenticity* and *Judgment*, collected; and I shall also give a faithful Abstract of his *Theatrical Characters*, because they will lead you into a clearer View of some modern ones, which I myself, at a due Time and Place, shall venture to pourtray:

pourtray : - - - Before I enter on this Undertaking, I must premise, that many are the inimitable Beauties in Style, in Thought, and Manner of the great *apologetical Original*, which my Compendium will not allow me to introduce ; however the Reader may depend, my Abstract from it shall be so connected, that I will give him the

Quinta pars sui Nectaris.

The very Quintessence of his NECTAR.

And this Chapter shall be, as it were, *Ilias in Nuce*, - - The *Iliad* in a Nutshell. - - Without farther Preface or Apology.

The Civil War which was begun between King Charles the First, in Defence of his Prerogative, and his People, in Defence of their Freedom, introduced, at Length, all the Effects of Anarchy : Every Thing that was truly good and virtuous was no longer in Esteem : Those pious Schools of Morality, the *Playhouses*, were no longer suffer'd ; the Stage fell with Monarchy, and the Peers of the Land with the Actors of the Theatre : But as it fell with Monarchy, it was with Monarchy restor'd ; for at King Charles the 2d's Restoration, two Patents were granted, one to Sir William Davenant, and the other to Henry Killlegrew, Esq; according to Mr. Cibber's Account, or to Mr. Thomas Killlegrew, according to the Relation of that *Theatric Annalist*, John Downes, the old Prompter. The Company under Sir William Davenant, says Mr. Cibber, were call'd the King's Servants, and acted at the *Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane* ; the other the *Duke's Company*, who acted at the *Duke's Theatre in Dorset Garden* : - - - But Mr. * Downes says, " that on the Restoration, the scattered
" Remnant of six *Playhouses*, which subsisted in King
" Charles the First's Time, upon the Restoration fram'd
" a Company, and acted again at the *Bull Playhouse*,
" built them a new Theatre in *Gibbon's Tennis-Court*
" in *Clare-Market*, in which two Places they continued

* Downes wrote an Account of the Stage during his own Time, call'd, *Roscius Anglicanus*.

“ acting all 1660, 1661, 1662, and Part of 1663. In this
 “ Time they built them a new Theatre in *Drury-Lane*,
 “ Mr. *Thomas Killegrew* gaining a Patent from the
 “ King, in order to create them the *King's Servants*,
 “ and from that Time they call'd themselves, his
 “ Majesty's Company of Comedians in *Drury-Lane*.

As to the Company acting under Sir *William D'avenant*, *Downes* gives this particular Account of its first Rise and going to *Dorset-Garden*.

“ In the Year one thousand six hundred and fifty-
 “ nine General Monk marching then his Army out of
 “ Scotland to London, Mr. *Rhodes*, a Bookseller, being
 “ Wardrobe Keeper formerly, as I am inform'd, to King
 “ Charles the First's Company of Comedians in *Black-*
 “ *Fryars*, getting a License from the then governing
 “ State, fitted up a House for acting, call'd the *Cock-*
 “ *pit*, in *Drury-Lane*, and in a short Time compleat-
 “ ed his Company.

“ In this Interim, Sir *William D'avenant* gain'd a
 “ Patent from the King, and opened a House in
 “ *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, with new Scenes and Decora-
 “ tions, being the first that were ever introduced into
 “ England; where they continued to act till the Year
 “ 1671, when they open'd a new Theatre in *Dorset-*
 “ *Garden*, and remov'd from *Lincolns-Inn-Fields* thi-
 “ ther.”

The Reader cannot but observe some Difference in these two great Historians; to shew my faithful Attachment to Truth I have given both Accounts; and, gentle Reader,

Utrum Horum Mavis Accipe.

Of the King's Company, about ten were put on the Royal Household Establishment, having each ten Yards of scarlet Cloth, with a proper Quantity of Lace allow'd them for Liveries; and in the Warrants from the Lord Chamberlain they were stil'd, *Gentlemen of the Great Chamber*.

Both these Companies were in high Estimation; the long Interdiction of Plays had given fresh Appetite to such Representations; besides, before now no Actresses had been seen on the Stage. The Characters of Women,

in Theatres, were perform'd by Boys, or young Men of the most effeminate Aspect: And what Grace, or Master-Strokes of Action can we conceive such ungain Hoydens to have been capable of? These two Theatres had another advantageous Rule, made by themselves, which was, that no Play acted at one House should ever be attempted at the other: This prevented a Satiety of the same Plays, and kept up the Pleasure which might otherwise grow languid. -- For what Pleasure is not languid to Satiety? -- The Neglect which has been had, for several Years past, to this *Management*, Mr. C. Cibber thinks is the Occasion of the Degradation of the present Theatres, by the *Entertainments* they exhibit; “* for
 “ when Plays are hackney'd out to the common People
 “ indifferently at any Theatre, the best Actors will soon
 “ feel the Town has enough of them:” Hence he proves a Plurality of Playhouses detrimental to the Stage, unless a proportionable Number of good Authors could rise to give them all different Employments: “ But
 “ while good Writers are so scarce, and *undaunted Critics*
 “ so plenty, I am afraid a good Play and a blazing
 “ Star will be equal Rarities: This indulging the Taste
 “ with several Theatres, will amount to the same Variety as an Oeconomist would show, who would have
 “ *two Puddings* and *two Legs of Mutton* for the same
 “ Dinner.”

Though this Simile has been inserted in many a Twopenny Jest-Book, yet, as it is admirably introduced, I have again ventur'd to quote it. But to resume the Thread of this History.

“ These two excellent Companies were both prosperous for some Time, till their Variety of Plays
 “ began to be exhausted; then of Course the better
 “ Actors, which the King's seem to have been allow'd,
 “ could not fail of drawing greater Audiences. Sir
 “ *William Davenant*, therefore, Master of the *Duke's*
 “ *Company*, introduced Musick to Action, and a new
 “ Species of Plays, call'd, *Dramatick Opera's*.” --- I must here observe Mr. Cibber says Sir *William* was

* C. Cibber's Life, p. 56.

Master of the *Duke's Company*, though in a Page before he said they were the *King's*: This Inadvertance arises from his not rightly counting ONE, TWO: But he has too bold a *Disregard for Correctness*, which others set a Value on: It is with a little Compunction that I made this Remark, yet,

Amicus SOCRATES, *Amicus* PLATO, *sed magis amica* VENTAS.

" * This sensual Supply of Sight and Sound, coming into the weaker Party, they grew too hard for Sense and simple Nature; for more People can see and hear than think and judge: This Change of Taste fell heavy on the *King's Company*; they had Truth on their Side, and Praise for their Action; but 'tis cold Comfort - - *Laudatur & Alget.* - - Unprofitable Praise can hardly give it a *Soup Maigre.* - - In this Rivalship of the two Houses, *Mobun* and *Hart* growing old, and the young Actors impatient to get into their Parts, and intractable, the Audience likewise falling off at both Houses, the two Companies were united into one, exclusive of all others, in the Year 1684." or according to *Downes's Chronology*, 82. - - This Union, says the *Apologist*, was however so much in Favour of the *Duke's Company*, that *Hart* left the Stage upon it. - - The old *Prompter* says, " † Upon this Union, Mr. *Hart*, being the *Heart* of the Company under Mr. *Killegrew's* Patent, never acted more by Reason of his Malady, being afflicted with the Stone and Gravel, of which he died some time after, having a Salary of forty Shillings a Week to the Day of his Death."

One Theatre was now in Possession of the whole Town, and the united Patentees imposed their own Terms on the Players: The Actors, who have always as quick a Sense of Injuries, and as high and glorious a Love of Freedom as any People whatever, appeal'd for Redress to the Lord Chamberlain, who was then my Lord *Dorset*, who finding their Complaints just, pro-

* *Cibber's Life*, p. 57.

† *Downes's Roscius Anglicanus*.
D 2 cured

cured from King *William*, in 1695, a separate License for Mr. *Congreve*, Mr. *Betterton*, Mrs. *Barry*, Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, and others, to set up a new Company, calling it the *New Theatre* in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*; and they open'd it the last Day of *April*, 1695, with a new Comedy, call'd, *Love for Love*.

Mr. *Colley Cibber* begins his Account of the Actors from his entering upon the Stage, 1690, which were the Remains of what was call'd the *Duke's Company*, but is quite silent as to the *King's Company*, whom he allows to have been their Superiors: I shall, therefore, in this *Apology* for my *Life*, be bold enough to supply that Defect in the *Apology* for his: It may be said perhaps, "*What, Is this apologizing for your Lives?*" -- Well, Sir *Critick*! Suppose we call it so; What then? But to the Purpose.

The Company acting under Mr. *Killegrew* consisted of the following *Actors* and *Actresses*:

M E N.

Mr. *Theophilus Bird*,
Mr. *Hart*,
Mr. *Mohun*,
Mr. *Lacy*,
Mr. *Burt*,
Mr. *Cartwright*,
Mr. *Clun*,
Mr. *Shatterell*,
Mr. *Kynaston*,
Mr. *Wintersell*,
Mr. *Griffin*,
Mr. *Goodman*,
Mr. *Lyddoll*.

W O M E N.

Mrs. *Carey*,
Mrs. *Marshall*,
Mrs. *Uphill*,
Mrs. *Knep*,
Mrs. *Hughes*.

And sometime after came into this Company

Mrs. *Boutell*,
Mrs. *Ellen Gwin*,
Mrs. *James*,
Mrs. *Rutter*,
Mrs. *Knight*.

These Actors and Actresses were professedly excellent, and who could have been no *Imitators* but all *Originals*, for which Reason it may be much doubted if they have been since equall'd: It is impossible for me to give an Account of their Perfections after the elaborate Manner Mr. *Cibber* has of some others who succeeded them; but if any Regard is to be paid to the Judgment of the Audiences and Authors of their
Time

Time, they must have excell'd highly in Parts which we see them cast to in the best Plays of that Time. *Hart* was the Standard to which *Mountford* and *Wilks* endeavour'd, and with great Success, to arrive at; yet are said not thoroughly to attain it. *Mobun* was form'd for an artful Sternness in Tragedy, and had great Talents in Comedy: He was the original *Ventidius* in Mr. *Dryden's* *All for Love*, and was eminent for the *Volpone* of *Ben Johnson*. Mrs. *Marshall*, Mrs. *Ellen Gwin*, and Mrs. *Boutell* were equally admir'd in Tragedy and Comedy. To give the Reader, who has any Knowledge of Theatric Performances the best Idea I am able of these Actors, I will transcribe the Cast of two or three Plays, in which they peculiarly excell'd, and which still continue to be acted on the Stage.

The F O X.

<i>Volpone,</i>	-	-	-	Major <i>Mobun</i> .
<i>Mosca,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. <i>Hart</i> .
<i>Corbacchio,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. <i>Cartwright</i> .
<i>Volore,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. <i>Shatterell</i> .
<i>Corvino</i>	-	-	-	Mr. <i>Burt</i> .
<i>Sir Politick Wou'dbe,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. <i>Lacy</i> .
<i>Peregrine,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. <i>Kynaston</i> .
<i>Lady Wou'dbe,</i>	-	-	-	Mrs. <i>Corey</i> .
<i>Celia,</i>	-	-	-	Mrs. <i>Marshall</i> .

O T H E L L O.

<i>Othello,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. <i>Hart</i> .
<i>Brabantio,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. <i>Cartwright</i> .
<i>Cassio,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. <i>Burt</i> .
<i>Iago,</i>	-	-	-	Major <i>Mobun</i> .
<i>Roderigo,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. <i>Shatterell</i> .
<i>Desdemona,</i>	-	-	-	Mrs. <i>Hughes</i> .
<i>Emilia,</i>	-	-	-	Mrs. <i>Rutter</i> .

Earl of E S S E X.

The Earl of <i>Essex,</i>	-	Mr. <i>Clark</i> .
The E. of <i>Southampton,</i>	-	Mr. <i>Griffin</i> ,

Lord *Burleigh*. - - Major *Mokun*.
 Queen *Elizabeth*. - - Mrs. *Gwin*.

I come now to speak of, in the same transitory Manner Sir *William D'avenant's* Company, and of the Persons who compos'd it. Mr. *Rhodes*, as I mention'd before, form'd a Company, of which the following Names is a compleat List.

M E N.
 Mr. *Betterton*,
Sheppy,
Lovell,
Lillison,
Underhill,
Turner,
Dixon,
Robert Nokes,

These Six acted
 W O M E N S Parts.
 Mr. *Kynaston*,
James Nokes,
Angell,
William Betterton,
Mosely,
Floyd.

On Sir *William D'avenant's* getting a Patent from the King, and forming this odd Band into a more regular Manner, he took in these following Actors:

Mr. *Harris*,
 Mr. *Price*,
 Mr. *Richards*,
 Mr. *Blayden*,
 Mr. *Smith*,

Mr. *Sandford*,
 Mr. *Medbourne*,
 Mr. *Young*,
 Mr. *Norris*.

To these he added the following Actresses, the four first of which he boarded in his own House.

Mrs. *Davenport*,
 Mrs. *Saunderson*,
 Mrs. *Gibbs*,
 Mrs. *Norris*,

Mrs. *Davies*,
 Mrs. *Long*,
 Mrs. *Holden*,
 Mrs. *Jennings*.

Thus this Company stood in the Year 1662; but having lost several of the Actors by Death, and some by Love, it was recruited in the Year 1673, by Mr. *Anthony Leigh*, Mr. *Jevon*, Mr. *Percival* --- and Mr. *Williams*, who came in a Boy, and serv'd Mr. *Harris*; and Mr. *Boman*, a Boy likewise: Among the new Women

men were Mrs. *Barry*, Mrs. *Currer*, Mrs. *Butler*, and others.

Though I may seem impertinently prolix, yet, by some, this *Theatric Chronology* will be thought not unnecessary; and it is, in fact, a proper Introduction to that Part of Theatrical History, which Mr. *C. Cibber* has very copiously related, and of which I shall here give a Sort of an Abstract; for this, with my own Account, will make a perfect *Compendium of Stage History*. -- Thus he writes --

" In the Year 1670, when I first came into this Company, the principal Actors then at the Head of it were,

OF MEN.

Mr. *Betterton*,
Mr. *Mountford*,
Mr. *Kynaston*,
Mr. *Sandford*,
Mr. *Nokes*,
Mr. *Underhill*, and
Mr. *Leigh*.

OF WOMEN.

Mrs. *Betterton*,
Mrs. *Barry*,
Mrs. *Leigh*,
Mrs. *Butler*,
Mrs. *Mountford*, and
Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.

" *Betterton* was an Actor as *Shakespeare* was an Author, both without Competitors, form'd for the mutual Assistance, and Illustration of each other's Genius:
" The one was born only to speak what the other only knew to write: But to give a more clear Idea of him:
" You have seen a *Hamlet*, perhaps, who, on the first Appearance of his Father's Spirit, has thrown himself into all the straining Vociferations requisite to express Rage and Fury, and the House has thunder'd with Applause, though the misguided Actor was tearing a *Passion into Rags*. Now *Betterton* threw this Scene into another Light: He open'd it with a Pause of mute Amusement, then rising slowly to a solemn trembling Voice, he made the Ghost equally terrible to the Spectator as to himself; and in the descriptive Part of the natural Emotions which the ghastly Vision gave, the Boldness of his Expostulations were still govern'd by Decency; manly, but not braving; his Voice never rising into that seeming Outrage, or wild Defiance of what he naturally rever'd.

“ A farther Excellence *Betterton* had was, that he
 “ could vary his Spirit to the different Characters he
 “ acted : Those wild impatient Starts, that fierce
 “ and flashing Fire which he threw into *Hotspur*
 “ never came from the unruffled Temper of *Brutus*,
 “ (for I have seen, more than once, a *Brutus* as warm,
 “ as *Hotspur*.) When the *Betterton Brutus* was pro-
 “ vok’d in his Dispute with *Cassius*, his Spirit flew
 “ only to his Eye; his steady Look alone supply’d
 “ that Terror which he disdain’d an Intemperance of
 “ Voice should rise to. Thus with a settled Dignity
 “ of Contempt, like an *unbeeding Rock* he repell’d
 “ upon himself the Foam of *Cassius* : Perhaps the
 “ Words of *Shakespeare* will better let you into my
 “ Meaning.

*Must I give Way and Room to your rash Choler ?
 Shall I be frighted when a Madman stares ?*

“ And a little after :

There is no Terror Cassius in your Looks, &c.

“ But with whatever Strength of Nature we see the
 “ Poet show, at once the Philosopher and the Hero,
 “ yet the Image of the Actor’s Excellence, unless Lan-
 “ guage could put Colours into our Words to paint the
 “ Voice with,

Et si vis Similem pingere, pingere Sonum,

“ is an Impossibility.

“ Besides these Characters, he shewed an *extraordi-*
 “ *nary Power* in blowing *ALEXANDER* into a *Blaze*
 “ of *Admiration*, yet the furious Fustian, and turged
 “ Rants in that Character he was sensible gain’d a false
 “ Applause only ; for he thought no Applause equal to
 “ an attentive Silence ; that there were many Ways of
 “ deceiving an Audience into a loud one, but to keep
 “ them hush’d and quiet was an Applause which only
 “ Truth and Merit could arrive at. But if Truth and
 “ Merit were only applauded, how many noisy Actors
 “ would shake their Plumes with Shame, who, from
 “ an injudicious Approbation of the Multitude, have
 “ strutted and bawl’d in the Place of Merit. *Betterton*
 had

" had a Voice of that Kind which gave more Spirit to
 " Terror than to the softer Passions, of more Strength
 " than Melody: The Rage and Jealousy of *Orbello*
 " became him better than the Sighs and Tenderness of
 " *Castalio*; for though in *Castalio* he only excell'd
 " others, in *Orbello* he excell'd himself. The Person
 " of this excellent Actor was suitable to his Voice;
 " more manly than sweet; not exceeding the middle
 " Stature; inclining to the Corpulent; of a serious,
 " penetrating Aspect; his Limbs nearer the athletick
 " than the delicate Proportion; yet, however form'd,
 " there rose, from the Harmony of the Whole, a com-
 " manding Mein of Majesty, which the fairer-fac'd
 " Darlings of his Time ever wanted something to be
 " Masters of. The last Part he acted was *Melantius* in
 " the *Maid's Tragedy*, for his own Benefit, when being
 " suddenly seiz'd with the Gout, he submitted, by ex-
 " traordinary Applications, to have his Foot so far re-
 " liev'd that he might be able to walk on the Stage
 " in a Slipper, rather than wholly disappoint his Au-
 " dience: He was observ'd that Day to have exerted a
 " more than ordinary Spirit, and met with a suitable
 " Applause; but the unhappy Consequence of tamper-
 " ing with his Distemper was, that it flew into his
 " Head and kill'd him in three Days, in the 74th Year
 " of his Age."

This is the chief Account which Mr. *Cibber* gives of
Betterton; he has indeed interspers'd several Theatric
 Observations, which amount to no more than they who
write can't *read*, and they who *read* can't *act*: Mr.
Dryden could not read his own *Amphitruon*; yet
Nat. Lee, read his Scenes so well, that *Mobun* cry'd
 out, --- *Unless I were able to PLAY my Part as*
well as you READ it, to what Purpose should I take
it? -- Yet *Nat. Lee* attempted to be an Actor, but soon
 left the Stage in despair of making a profitable Figure
 there.

I could, on this Head, add several curious *Anecdotes*
 of my own, and from Experience in the Stage Affairs
 prove, that as some who *write* can't *read*, so there are
 others who *read* that can't *write*; and yet some who
 can both *read*, *act*, and *write*. -- How far indeed these
 reading,

reading, writing, acting Qualifications may be conjoin'd in one and the same Person, this *Apologetical History*, as well as that of Mr. Colley Cibber, will be some humble kind of *Demonstration* of: Some indeed may think, that by these *Memoirs* we may blaze to *Posterity* in a *ludicrous Lustre*, and that our *Observations* and *Digressions* signify, roundly, *Nothing*; yet to the *Drum* of the *Ear* will I as roundly rattle,

*A FICO for thy Criticism, vile Wight,
You say we Print indeed, yet cannot Write.
I, myself I, and Father print indeed,
But what we print we wrote, and what we wrote
you read.*

— But halt a little. — I had something to say on the above Description of *Betterton*: It may be in the greatest Part, or even in the whole, just; yet is it not carrying the *Elogium* too far, to think, nor *Hart*, nor *Mobun*, nor any in their Company, nor some before them equal'd him, perhaps surpass'd him? Mr. *Cibber* says none has since arriv'd at his Perfections; this very possibly may be, yet very likely every succeeding Age will think in the same Manner of other Actors: As Mr. *Hart* and *Mobun's* Excellencies were forgot by Degrees, Mr. *Betterton's* arose; when his fail'd by his Death, Mr. *Booth* was thought to be a very great Successor: In short, they who remember *Betterton*, shake their Heads at *Booth*; they that are in full Memory of *Booth*, with pitiful Scorn see some *modern Performers*, who, half a Century hence, may be highly admir'd in their Turn, in Prejudice to * *New Adepts* in the Profession: This, say what you will, is a prejudice of Nature, the Impressions we first receive are so deeply affecting, that even, having Judgment afterwards, it imposes on it: Prejudices in *theatrical Affairs* are as imperceptibly got, and as obstinately maintain'd as those in *Religion*; and we may say of the first Representation we see, what *Dryden* says of our first Education.

* *Vide C. Cibber's Apology.*

*By Education most Men are misled,
We so believe because we so were bred;
The Priest continues what the Nurse began,
And thus the Child imposes on the Man*

But really *Betterton*, besides his Excellencies of *Nature* and *Judgment*, and other great Advantages, for though he is call'd an *Original*, he had seen all the old *Players*, who were very excellent, and those were remembered who were *Originals* of *Shakespear*. — What Aid such Remembrance might be, take from the following *Anecdotes*.

“ * In the Tragedy of *Hamlet*, says old *Downes*, the Part of *Hamlet* was perform'd by Mr. *Betterton*; Sir *William Davenant* having seen Mr. *Taylor* of the *Black-Fryars* Company act it, who was instructed by the Author, Mr. *Shakespear*, taught Mr. *Betterton* in every Article of it, which, by his exact Performance of it, gain'd him Esteem and Reputation superlative to all other Plays.”

Thus again this ancient, but faithful *Memoirist* delivers himself concerning the Play of *Henry the Eighth*.

“ The Part of the King was all new cloath'd in a proper Habit, and so right and justly done by Mr. *Betterton*, he being instructed in it by Sir *William Davenant*, who had it from old Mr. *Lowen*, that had his Instructions from Mr. *Shakespear* himself, that I dare and will aver, none can or will come near him in this Age, in the Performance of that Part.

The Reader will observe, that in *theatrical Memoirists*, a Simplicity of Stile in plain Narration too often occurs; but he will pardon this bold Disregard for grammatical Correctness, if, thro' our Rapidity of Thought, he investigates the Meaning: He will see then how in *Hamlet* Mr. *Betterton* came by that Judgment, which Mr. *Cibber* takes up some Pages in extolling; he will find those Actors who have been *Originals* in Parts, are thought to have excell'd to the highest Degree: And Mr. *Betterton* might have been as excellent in those

* *Downs's* Account of the Stage.

Parts in which he was an *Original*, as any other Actor before him; yet an Actor after him, who has an *original* Part, and consequently thereby becomes an *Original*, may be thought so far to excel, that few Actors, while he is remember'd, shall, with any equal, *judicious Approbation*, succeed in that Part. --- On the whole, *original Parts* make an *Actor*, and they who have seen a perfect set of Actors, can only judge of succeeding ones by them: The

Laudator temporis acti

Is not merely confin'd to old Men; by natural Prejudice we catch this Apurtenance to old Age, when we have scarce pass'd the Verge of Youth. But to conclude of Mr. *Betterton*, with a greater Compliment than any other paid him, though the Epilogue to his last Benefit, wrote by Mr. *Rowe*, was a very good one, take this Description of him from a Prologue of *Dryden*.

*He, like the setting Sun, still shoots a glimm'ry Ray,
Like ancient Rome, majestic in Decay.*

Mr. *C. Cibber*'s long Digression has led me into this; but as, in his Account of *Betterton*, his Sentiments on theatrical Action are chiefly express'd; I have ventur'd to subjoin these Sentiments of mine to his Account, that I may not be so tedious on this Subject in another Place. I shall now introduce his other drawn Characters, and
 * *make use of the same Vehicles, which you will find*
 " *waiting in the next Chapter, to carry you through the*
 " *rest of your Journey at Leisure, --- for all know, that,*

Placida narratio pro Vehiculo est.

* *Vide C. Cibber's Apology, p. 71.*



C H A P. V.

*Theatrical Characters, Quotations, Dissertations,
Annotations, Digressions, Expressions, Allusions
collated, imitated, and related, with
A few Words to critical Auditors.*

IT was before observ'd, Women were not admitted on the Stage till after the Restoration, yet, by the Lists I have given, you will find they were not so very easily supply'd; for in the Company where *Betterton* was engag'd, they were forc'd still to put young Men into female Characters; and Mr. *Kynaston* stands first in that motley Cast; nor indeed had they any till Sir *William Davenant* brought them to that Company: On the contrary, the *Old*, or the *King's Company* under *Killegrew*, had at first setting out some Women, who in the Summer of King *Charles* the Second's Reign, even when the Companies were in their highest Prosperity, were thought inimitable: How hard then is it to fix unlimited Excellence to particular Persons! . . . But of these *Male Women*, *Kynaston* was esteem'd, being very young and handsome; and, according to *Downes's* Phrase*, a compleat Female Stage-Beauty, performing his Parts so well, especially *Arthiope* and *Aglaure*, Parts greatly moving Compassion and Pity, that it is doubted whether any Woman that succeeded him, so sensibly touch'd the Audience. . . . Behold the Doatage of servile Partiality! . . . Mr. *Cibber* speaks of his Beauty, and his performing *Evadne* in the *Maid's Tragedy*, to which he subjoins a facetious Incident, which those Shifts once occasion'd. . . † King *Charles* coming to a Tragedy sooner than usual, and was impatient to have the Per-

* *Downes's Roscius Anglicanus.*

† *Vide C. Cibber's Apology, p. 72.*

formance begin, and sent to know the Meaning of their Delay, the Master of the Company came to the Box, and thinking the best excuse would be the Truth, fairly told his Majesty, the Queen was not yet shav'd. The King laugh'd, and staid till her Majesty could be effeminated. --- But as for *Kynaston*, he was so beautiful, that the Ladies of Quality prided themselves in taking him with them in their Coaches in this theatrical Habit, after the Play, which in those Days began at four o' Clock; --- Such a Custom of the Ladies, of carrying such a handsome young Fellow, though in Petticoats, in their Coaches with them, without any Apprehension of Censure, is as strong an Instance as possible, to what Height the modish Gallantry of that Time was carried!

But even on Mr. *Kynaston's* changing Sexes, that is, his Petticoats to the Buskin, and his Stays to the Truncheon, he still remained famous: He had, it seems, a formal Gravity in his Mein, which in some Characters became him. His Eye was piercing, and in Characters of heroick Life, led, in his Tone of Voice, an imperious Vivacity that truly depicted the Tyrant. In these two Parts, *Morat* in *Aurengzebe*, and *Muley Moloch* in *Sebastian*, he had a fierce *Lyon-like Majesty*, in his Utterance, that gave the Spectator a Kind of trembling Admiration. --- In *Henry the Fourth* he was a Master of a different Majesty, but of so true a Kind, that when he whisper'd the following Line to *Hotspur*,

Send us your Prisoner, or you'll bear of it,

He conveyed more Menace than the loudest Intemperance of Voice could swell to: *Kynaston*, like *Betterton*, strictly followed the Rules of Truth and Nature; yet, what seem'd surprising, they were as different in their Manner of acting as in their personal Form and Features. He stay'd too long on the Stage, till his Memory and Spirits fail'd him; his latter Imperfections were not his own, but those of decaying Nature.

* *Mountford* was a younger Man, tall, well-made, of agreeable Aspect, fair, his Voice clear, full, and melodious: In Tragedy a most affecting Lover; his Words had that *Softness*, that

* *Vide C. Cibber's Apology*, p. 76.

*Like Flakes of feather'd Snow,
They melted as they fell.*

In Comedy he gave the truest Life to what we call the fine Gentleman: in Scenes of Gaiety he never broke into the Regard that was due to the Presence of equal or superior Characters, though inferior Actors play'd them: He fill'd the Stage not by elbowing and crossing it before others, or disconcerting their Action, but by surpassing them in Time and masterly Touches of Nature: He never laugh'd at his own Jest, unless the Point of his Raillery requir'd it: He had besides, such a Variety of Genius, that he could throw off the Man of Sense for the brisk, vain, rude, lively Coxcomb; hence he excell'd in *Sir Courtly Nice*: His whole Man, his Voice, Mein, and Gesture was no longer *Mountford*, but another Person; there the insipid soft Civility, the elegant and formal Mein, the drawling delicacy of Voice; the stately Flatness of his Address, and the empty Eminence of his Attitudes, were so nicely observed and guarded, that had he not been an entire Master of Nature, had he not kept his Judgment, as it were, a Centinel upon himself, not to admit the least Likeness of what he us'd to be, to enter into any Part of his Performance, he could not possibly have so compleately finish'd it. He was kill'd in the thirty-third Year of his Age; the Accidents that more particularly attended his Fall, are to be found at large, in the Trial of the Lord *Mohun*, printed among *those of the State*, in *Folio*.

* *Sandford* was what Mr. *Cibber*, *sen.* calls the *Spagnolet* of the Theatre: An excellent Actor in disagreeable Characters; that is, he was the Stage Villain; but this happen'd not so much by his own Choice as Necessity; for having a low crooked Person, such bodily Defects were too strong to be admitted into great and amiable Characters; so that in any new or reviv'd Play, if there was a hateful or mischievous one, *Sandford* had no Competitor for it. This personating of bad Characters requir'd as much Art and Judgment, as to have *shone* into the Applause of the Spectators by all the *Throws* and *Sweetlings of Ambition*, yet it was attended with this Dilemma, that an Audience never expected to see him in any

* Vide *C. Cibber's Apology*, p. 78.

other: Nay, so far was this Prejudice carried which Mr. Cibber has heard was Fact: A new Play came on the Stage, in which *Sandford* play'd an honest Statesman; the Pit sat out three or four Acts in a quiet Expectation; that the Honesty of *Sandford* should, from his dissembling it, (for they thought him a Rogue at the Bottom) *animate the Scenes to come with Confusion*: But finding him in Truth an honest Statesman, they fairly damn'd the Play, as if the Author had impos'd on them a most fruitless Absurdity. --- This oral Tradition has in it a Proof (as all oral Traditions have) that much Faith is requir'd in the Reader: Might not the last Act in this Play have some other Catastrophe in it than *Sandford's* proving an honest Statesman? --- No, so the Story was heard, and so it must be believ'd.

--- *Credat Judæus Apella*
Non ego.

From *Sandford's* being so successful a Stage Villian, the inferior Actors thought his Success owing to the Defects of his Person, and from thence, when they appear'd as *Bravo's*, and Murderers, made themselves as frightful and inhuman Figures as possible. --- In King *Charles's* Time, says our anecdoting Apologist, this low Skill was carried to such Extravagance, that the King, who was black brow'd, and of a swarthy Complexion, pass'd a pleasant Remark on observing the grim Murderers in *Macbeth*, when turning to his People in the Box, he said, *Pray what is the Meaning that we never see a Rogue in a Play, but, God's fish, they clap him on a black Periwig? When it is well known one of the greatest Rogues in the Kingdom always wears a fair one.* --- The King's Observation, says Mr. C. Cibber, was just, tho' the King had been as fair as *Adonis*. --- What Complexion that pretty Fellow *Adonis* had, I will not determine; yet I know not how it is, or what Ideas People conceive of *Black*; but it certainly has a very Horror-moving Aspect: It may be a Trick of the Stage, and as such laugh'd at, for I allow very great Rascals may have very black Hearts, who wear very fair Perukes: Mr. C. Cibber thinks his swarthy Majesty alluded to

to some great Man out of Power, and leave them to guess at him, who remember the changing Complexion of his Ministers. --- This charming Observation shows the Folly of Allusion; for suppose *Some-body* now living, 1740, had said the said Sentence, who among the present Ministry would dare fix on a Man who wore a light Wig: Their Eyes might indeed naturally be converted to that great Man who wore the greatest light-colour'd Wig, and so might guess at him --- who was a very honest Man. --- But tho' political *ministerial Inuendoes* may be very justly prov'd to mean something, yet theatrical Inuendoes are a mere *Inanity of Thought*. --- But to digress from this Digression, --- and to enter into another. --- Many Actors and Actresses have made it a Point to play a Character flatly written, because they stood in the favourable Light of Honour and Virtue. --- A Lady, * *Mr. Cibber, sen.* says, who was a *Damofelle de Plaisir* on the Stage, acted a Part of impregnable Chastity, and bid the Ladies

Study to live the Character I play.

Yet this good Creature made *Faut Paux*; she had some illegitimate Issue, and her Chastity off the Stage was not impregnable. Many are the same Kind of theatric Prudes now living, who are like enough to think that to seem virtuous is sufficient for an Audience, and would make it a Point to be for half an hour most pure Virgins on the Stage, whatever kind, coming, dear consenting Creatures they might prove after the Curtain had drop'd. --- I could enumerate some *dainty* modern Proofs of this theatric Prudery; but give me Leave to change an old Apothegm

De vivis nil nisi bonum.

To return to *C. Cibber's* Description of *Sandford*; his Manner of Speaking vary'd from those before describ'd: His Voice was acute, and had a piercing Tone, which struck every Syllable distinctly upon the Ear, and in his Look he mark'd to an Audience what he thought worth more than their ordinary Notice: Had he liv'd in *Shakespeare's* Time, I am confident his Judgment must have chose him to have play'd *Richard III.* for without confi-

* *Vide C. Cibber's Apology, p. 56.*

'his Person; he had an uncouth Stateliness in his Motion;
'a harsh sullen Pride in his Speech; a meditating Brow;
'a stern Aspect, occasionally changing into an almost ludicrous Triumph over Goodness and Virtue: from
'thence falling into a most assuasive Sullenness and
'soothing Candour of a designing Heart.'

This Actor Mr. C. Cibber imitated closely, and hit his Manner so true in *Richard the Third*, that Sir John Vanbrugh said, on his playing that Part, -- *You have his very Look, Gait, and Speech, and every Motion of him; and have borrowed them all only to serve you in that Character.* -- They who remember Mr. Cibber in that Part have a Copy of *Sandford*:

- - - *Ex pede Herculem.* - - -

To describe the low Comedians, Mr. Cibber makes a peculiar Apology, yet thus, after it is over, he goes on:

* *Nokes* had a Genius different from any read, heard of, or seen, since or before his Time; his Excellence a plain palpable Simplicity of Nature, that he was as unaccountably diverting in his common Speech as on the the Stage. This Simplicity, so easy to *Nokes*, no one could ever catch: *Leigh* and *Underhill* have been well copied, though not equall'd, by others: But not all the mimical Skill of *Estcourt*, nor my own, could reach the *vis Comica* of *Nokes*, though I never saw an Actor beside himself whom I could not at least so far imitate as to give a more than tolerable Notion of his Manner. -- The Characters he shone in were, *Sir Martin Mar-all*, *Gomez* in the *Spanish Fryar*, *Sir Nicholas Gully* in *Love in a Tub*, *Sofia* in the *Amphitruon*, &c. &c. -- This was the Effect of his Action; he never entered the Stage but he was receiv'd with an involuntary Applause, not by Hands, for they might be prostituted and bespoken, but by a Laughter (which if bespoken could not be prostituted) which his Sight provok'd, and Nature could not resist: -- His Person was of the middle Size; his Voice clear; his natural Countenance grave and sober; when he spoke, that seriousness of Joakery was discharg'd, and a dry drolling Levity took such full Possession of him, that I can only

* *Vide C. Cibber's Apology, p. 85.*

refer the Idea of him to your Imagination: In his low Characters that became it, he had a shuffling Shame in his Gait, with so contented an Ignorance in his Aspect, and awkward Absurdity in his Gesture, that had you not known him, you could not have believ'd he had a Grain of common Sense. In a word, I am tempted to sum up the Character of *Nokes*, as a Comedian, in a Parody of what *Shakespear's Mark Antony* says of *Brutus* as a Heroe,

*His Life was Laughter, and the Ludicrous
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the World - - This was an Actor.*

Leigh was of the mercurial Kind, not a strict Imitator of Nature; yet not so wanton in his Performance as to be wholly out of her Sight: In Humour he lov'd to take a full Career, but was careful to stop short when just upon the Precipice: He so excell'd in the *Spanish Fryar*, that the Duke of *Dorset* had his Picture drawn in a whole Length in that Character by *Kneller*, and the whole Portrait is extremely like him: He was much admir'd by King *Charles*, who us'd to call him *his Actor*. - - He died of the Fever a Week after *Montford*, in *December* 1692.

Underhill was a natural Comedian, whose Excellence lay in Characters of still Life, the stiff, the heavy, and the stupid; in some of these he look'd as if it were not in the Power of human Passions to alter a Feature of them: A Countenance of Wood could not be more fix'd than his, when the Blockhead of a Character required it: His Face was full and long; from his Crown to End of his Nose was the shorter Half of it; so that the Disproportion of his lower Features, when soberly compos'd, with an *unwandering Eye* hanging over them, threw him into the most lumpish moping Mortal that ever made Beholders merry; not but at other Times he could be awaken'd into Spirit equally ridiculous: - - In the coarse rustick Humour of Justice *Clodpole* in *Epsom Wells* he was a *delightful Brute*. His Age oblig'd him to leave the Stage some Years before he died; he appeared once indeed in a Part he had been famous for, the *Grave-digger* in *Hamlet*, but ceasing to

be what he had been, his Infirmities were dismiss'd with Pity: He soon after died a superannuated Pensioner of the Theatre. Thus far Mr. *Cibber*.

The Characters of these Actors are an Extract from the Apology of Mr. *C. Cibber*, and were the Impressions he receiv'd in his Youth: How far he may, or may not entertain a Prejudice from thence, I shall not here examine: They might be so very excellent, as he says of *Betterton*, to excell themselves: But might not as great Descriptions be given of the chief Performers in *Hart* and *Mokun's* Company by some other Historian? Or might not some *modern* History give much such Characters of our *present Actors* who are most in Vogue with the Town? Surely such an Attempt might not regret the present or the future Reader: I shall therefore in a future Chapter undertake so bold a Province, though the *Flatness* of my Characters may be *unequal* to those of the great Apologist, which are said to be of the *profound Sublime*: The same Liberty which I have taken with Mr. *Cibber's* Gentlemen I shall take with his Ladies, and for the same Reason I have before given: After saying *Powell*, *Verbruggen*, and *Williams* were not worth speaking of, he comes to

Mrs. *Barry*, who was in Possession of most of the chief Parts of Tragedy: How she excell'd in them you may judge from Mr. *Dryden's* saying in his Preface to *Cleomenes*, she had gain'd a Reputation beyond any Woman he had seen on the Stage; which Mr. *Cibber* corroborates with his own Judgment. Mrs. *Barry*, it seems, did not arrive at this Maturity of Power and Judgment till she was more than a little past her Youth; whence our Apologist observes, that the *short Life of Beauty is not long enough to form a complete Actress*. The Fame Mrs. *Barry* arriv'd to, is a Proof of the Difficulty in judging with Certainty whether any young People will ever make any great Figure in a Theatre; for Mrs. *Barry* was discharg'd at the End of the Year as an useless Expence. Mrs. *Oldfield* had been above a Year before she gave any Hope of her being an Actress, so unlike to all Manner of Propriety was her speaking: But however, both made themselves complete Mistresses of

of their Art, by the Prevalence of their Understanding."

Mrs. *Barry*, in Characters of Greatness, had a Presence of elevated Dignity; her Mein and Motion, superb, and gracefully majestic; her Voice full, clear, and strong, so that no Violence of Passion could be too much for her: And when Distress or Tenderness possessed her, she subsided into the most affecting Melody and Softness: Of the former of these Excellencies she gave the most delightful Proofs in all the heroic Plays of *Dryden* and *Lee*; and in the latter, in the softer Passions of *Otway's Monimia* and *Belvidera*. In Scenes of Anger, Defiance, and Resentment, while she was impetuous and terrible, she pour'd out the Sentiment with enchanting *Harmony*. She was the first Person whose Merit was distinguished by the Indulgence of having an annual *Benefit Play*, which was granted to her in King *James* the 2d's Time, and became not in common to others till the Division of the Company after the Death of King *William's* Queen *Mary*: This great Actress died toward the latter End of Queen *Ann*: The Year, says our Historian, you may guess at, by an Expression which fell from her in Blank Verse when she was delirious:

Ha! ha! and so they make us Lords by Dozens!

Mrs. *Betterton* was, in the Year 1690, when Mr *Cibber* senior first came upon the Stage, far advanc'd in Years, yet so great a Mistress of Nature, that even Mrs. *Barry*, who acted *Lady Macbeth* after her, could not, in that Part, with her superior Strength and Melody of Voice, throw out those quick and careful Strokes of Terror from the Disorder of a guilty Mind, which the other gave us with a Facility in her Manner, that rendered them at once tremendous and delightful: Time could not impair her Skill, though it had brought her Person to Decay: She was to the last the Admiration of all true Judges of Nature and *Shakespear*, in whose Plays she chiefly excell'd without a Rival: She was a Woman of an unblemish'd sober Life, and had the Honour to teach Queen *Anne*, when Princess, the Part of *Semandra* in *Mithridates*, which she acted at

-court in King Charles's Time: After the Death of Mr. Betterton, her Husband, that *Princess*, when *Queen*, order'd her a Pension for Life, but she liv'd not to receive but one half Year of it.

Mrs. Leigh, the Wife of Mr. Leigh the Comedian before-mentioned, had a droll Way of dressing the pretty Foibles of superannuated Beauties: She had in herself a good Deal of Humour, and knew how to infuse it into the affected Mothers, Aunts, and affected stale Maids, that had *miss'd their Market*: In these she was extremely entertaining, and *painted*, in a lively Manner, the *blind Side* of Nature.

Mrs. Butler was recommended to the Stage by King Charles: She was the Daughter of a decay'd Knight, and proved a good Actress, and was besides in those Days allowed to Sing and Dance in Perfection: In speaking her sweet-ton'd Voice, with her naturally genteel Air, and her sensible Pronunciation, rendered her wholly Mistress of the *Amiable* in many serious Characters: In Parts of Humour she had a Manner of blending her *assuasive Softness*, even with the Gay, the Lively, and Alluring; as in the second *Constantia* in the *Chances*, in which Mrs. Oldfield's lively Performance did not equal hers: She having only 40 Shillings a Week, and being denied the Addition of ten more, she went with Mr. Ashbury to Dublin, who offered her any Conditions.

Mrs. Montford, whose second Marriage gave her the Name of *Verbruggen*, was a Mistress of more Variety of Humour than I ever knew in any one Woman Actress: This Variety was attended with equal Vivacity, which made her excellent in Characters extremely different. Nothing, though ever so barren, if within the bounds of Nature, could be *flat in her Hands*: She was fond of Humour, in what low Part soever found, and would make no Scruple of defacing her fair Form to come heartily into it; for when she was eminent in several desirable Characters of Wit and Humour, she would descend from high Life into low Characters with as much Fancy as when triumphing in all the Airs and vain Graces of a fine Lady: In a Play of *D'urfey's*,
call'd

call'd the *Western Lass*, which Part she acted, she transformed her whole Being, Body, Shape, Voice, Language, Look, and Features into almost another Animal, with a strong *Devonshire* Dialect, a broad laughing Voice, a poking Head, round Shoulders, an unconceiving Eye, and the most bedizz'ning dowdy Dress, that ever covered the untrain'd Limbs of a *Joan Troit*. To have seen her here you would have thought it had been impossible the same Creature could ever have been recovered, to what was easy to her, the gay, the lively and desirable. Nor was her Humour limited to her Sex, for while her Shape permitted, she was a more adroit * pretty Fellow than is usually seen upon the Stage: Her easy Air, Action, Mein quite chang'd from the Coif to the cock'd Hat and Cavalier in Fashion. People were so fond of seeing her a Man, that when the Part of *Bays* in the *Rehearsal* had for some Time lain dormant, she was desired to take it up, which she acted with all true coxcomby Spirit and Humour, that the Sufficiency of the Character requir'd.

After an *Apology* which the *Apologist* makes for describing Mrs. *Bracegirdle* now living, he introduces her into his *Apology*, which is sufficient Authority for me to give an Abstract of that Paragraph in mine.

Mrs. *Bracegirdle* was now [1690] blooming to her *Maturity*, her Reputation as an Actress gradually rising with that of her Person: Never was any Woman in such general Favour, which to the last Scene of Dramatick Life she maintained by not being unguarded in her private Character. - - - This Discretion made her the *Cara*, the Darling of the Theatre: She had indeed no greater Claim to Beauty than the most desirable *Brunette* might pretend to; but her Youth and lively Aspect threw out such a Glow of Health and Chearfulness, that on the Stage few Spectators that were not past it, could behold her without *Desire*. In all the chief Parts

* She was thought so excellent in these Characters and Drics, that Mr. *Southern* wrote the Comedy call'd *Sir Anthony Love* (which Character she perform'd) on purpose for her.

she acted, the *Desirable* was so predominant, that no Judge could be cold enough to consider from what other particular Excellence she became delightful. -- To speak critically of an Actress, extremely good, were as hazardous as to be positive in ones Opinion of the best Opera Singer: We can only appeal to *Taste*, and of *Taste* there can be no disputing: I shall therefore only say, that most eminent Authors always chose her for their favourite Character, and shall leave that Proof of her Merit to its own Value.

She retir'd from the Stage in the Height of her Favour, when most of her Cotemporaries she was bred up with were declining, in the Year 1710. She play'd once after the Part of *Angelica* in *Love for Love*, for the Benefit of her old Friend Mrs. *Betterton*.

Here Mr. *Colley Cibber* closes his Account of these memorable Actors, of which I have given a Quotation of great Fidelity, as to the Matter of Fact chiefly contain'd; but many are the Prettinesses, Daintinesses, Rhetorical Flowers, vivifying Images, Floods of fine Language, and Rapidities of Wit, which are all like his clear Emanation of Beauty, they strike you into a Regard that has something different from Respect. As I am so greatly indebted to him for this Chapter, I shall follow my old Way, and, till we settle Accounts, still run myself more into his Books; therefore, what he says from his Word to the critical Auditors, I will borrow a Line or Two, and then again digress to myself.

" This Account may inform or assist the Judgment
 " of future Spectators, it may be of Service to their
 " publick Entertainments; for as their Hearers are, so
 " will the Actors be, worse or better, as true or false
 " Taste applauds or discommends them. Hence only
 " can our Theatres improve or must degenerate: Yet
 " there is another Point which I recommend to the
 " Consideration, which is, that the extreme Severity
 " with which they damn a bad Play, seems so terrible a
 " Warning to those whose untry'd Genius might here-
 " after give them a good one: But the Vivacity of our
 " modern Criticks is of late grown so riotous, an un-
 " successful Author has no more Mercy shewn him than

" a

“ a notorious Cheat in the Pillory: Every Fool, the
 “ lowest Member of the Mob, becomes a Wit: While
 “ this is the Case, while the Theatre is so turbulent a
 “ Sea, and so infested with Pirates, what Poetical Mer-
 “ chant of any Substance would venture to trade in it.
 “ In a Word, these Criticks seem to me like the Lions
 “ Whelps in the *Tower*, who are so *boisterously* game-
 “ some at their Meals they dash down their Bowls of
 “ Milk brought for their own Breakfast.”

I have a Word also to give to these critical Auditors,
 these *Lion-Cubs*, these *Pirates* in our Seas; but that
 will fall more naturally in some subsequent Chapter.



CH A P. VI.

A State of the Stage continu'd.



HAVING resolv'd to make these Memoirs
 in some Manner contain the *Utile Dulci*,
 what by Abstracts from Mr. *Cibber's* History,
 and what by my own History, the Readers
 will find a succinēt Account of the Stage, from the
 Year 1660 to 1740. I shall not indeed prove so de-
 scanting an Author as that great Man, yet my compen-
 dious Breviary may be of some Use and Entertainment:
 Of his elaborate Lucubrations mine are but an Epitome:
 Let him be the *Trogus Pompeius* of the Stage, I am con-
 tented to be the *Justinus*.

I am now entering into that Part of the History,
 where the Theatre fell frequently in Labour of Revo-
 lutions. In 1690 the Stage was under the Government
 of united Patentees, who had under them so compleat a
 Set of Actors as has been described: yet they were
 weak enough, or the Taste of the Publick was so weak,

as to Force them to it, to exhibit Spectacle ; and the Expences they were at in *Dioclesian* and *King Arthur* (though seemingly successful) were so great that they run into Debt, which found Work for the Court of Chancery twenty Years following : These Exhibitions of Spectacle made Plays of Course neglected, Actors held cheap and slightly dress'd, while Singers and Dancers were better paid and embroider'd : These Measures of Course created Murmurings on one Side, and ill Humour and Contempt on the other. When it became necessary to lessen the Charge, Resolution was taken to begin with the Players Salaries. *Nokes*, *Montford* and *Leigh* all died this same Year, yet they chose rather to distress the surviving Actors than encourage them. To bring this about, some of *Betterton's* Parts were given to *Powell*, and some of *Mrs. Barry's* to *Mrs. Bracegirdle*. - - - *Powell* accepted *Betterton's*, but *Mrs. Bracegirdle* denied *Barry's*. *Betterton* on this form'd one Association and the Patentees another. During these Contentions, Treaties of Peace were offered by the Actors, but haughtily refused by the other. The Publick, naturally more byass'd to the Actors, whom they see and are pleas'd by, than Patentees whom they never see, supported their Interest ; and Persons of the highest Distinction entertained the King in his Circle about Affairs of the Theatre. About this Time *Queen Mary* died, and on such Occasions all publick Diversions cease. *Betterton* and his Adherents had now Leisure to solicit Redress, and collected a Company, the Patentees being forced to accept such Actors as were the Leavings of *Betterton*. On this the Patentees engag'd *Powell* and *Verbruggen*, and rais'd them from two to four Pounds a Week ; and besides the other Leavings were *Mr. C. Cibber* ; yet they were forc'd to recruit, and beat up for Volunteers in distant Counties, which brought *Johnson* and *Bullock* into the Service of the Theatre Royal : Forces thus rais'd, they open'd the Campaign : *Betterton* by Subscription at the *Lincolns-Inn-Fields Tennis-Court*, the Patentees at *Drury-Lane*, who took the Field first, *Mr. Cibber* writing their opening Prologue, having no better Poet : " That memorable Day being, as he says, " the

“ the Day his Muse brought forth her first Fruit that
 “ was ever made publick ; how good or how bad im-
 “ ports not, but he receiv’d for it two Guineas, not
 “ being suffered to speak it himself.” The Patentees
 went on but lamely against the new Colony of Actors,
 who were like the Common-wealth of *Holland* divided
 from the Tyranny of *Spain* : - - But the Simile, accord-
 ing to the Apologist, is but very little farther a Simile,
 for they found in a short Time they were never-worse
 govern’d than when govern’d by themselves : They be-
 gan to consult private Interest more than the general
 Good ; and though some Deference was paid to *Betterton*,
 several wanted to govern in their Turns : - - * *But is not*
the same Infirmity in States ? - - *Dogget* could not with
 Patience look on the *costly Trains* and *Plumes of Tragedy*,
 in *which* knowing himself to be useless, he thought a
 vain Extravagance ; which when he could not oppose
 he came over to *Drury-Lane*. - - *Betterton’s* Company
 began at last to lose Ground, nor was *Drury-Lane* Com-
 pany in very great Prosperity ; yet the Patentees had
 found out a Remedy against a thin House, viz. † *Never*
to pay their People when the Money did not come in, nor
then neither but in such Proportion as suited their Con-
veniency.

Such was the Fortune of both Companies, when our
 ¶ Master, who had practis’d the Law, and therefore
 loved a Storm better than fair Weather, thinking the
 Quality rather prefer’d the other Company than ours,
 resolv’d to ingratiate himself with their Domesticks, and
 open’d a Gallery for the Footmen *gratis*, who were
 never before admitted into it till the fourth Act was
 over : This he thought would get us a good Word in
 their respective Families, and incite them to come all
 Hands aloft into the Crack of our Applauses. Hence
 arose this Custom, which ripen’d into Right, and be-
 came the most disgraceful Nuisance that ever depreciated
 a Theatre.

* *C. Cibber’s* Apology.

† *Ditto*, p. 134

¶ Mr. R—b, Father of the present Master of C—— Garden Theatre.

About this Time Mr. *Wilks* came from the *Dublin* Company to *Drury-Lane Theatre*: He first commenced an Actor by performing in a private Play at *Dublin*, of which Country he was a Native: He had been on *Drury-Lane* Stage before, but quitted it to go to *Ireland*, not rising in Parts there according to his Ambition: On his Return, in 1696, *Montford* was dead, and *Powell* in his chief Parts, and the only Actor that stood in *Wilks's* Way: They soon became avowed Rivals, and without quoting their every Quarrel for Parts, be it sufficient to say, that *Wilks* by Industry, Care, and Sobriety, gain'd the Favour of the Publick, which *Powell*, with more Merit, by his Neglect and Intemperance forfeited.

On this Narration the Apologist observes, that an Actor is disesteemed or favoured on the Stage, more or less, according as he has or has not a due Regard to his *private Life* and *Reputation*: Nay, *false Reports* shall affect him, and become the *Cause* or *Pretence* of using him injuriously: He gives this Instance in Regard to himself.

“ * After the Success of the *Beggars Opera*, I was
 “ so stupid to attempt, the following Year, something
 “ of the same Kind, on a quite different Foundation,
 “ to recommend Virtue and Innocence: My new-
 “ fangled Performance was call'd, *Love in a Riddle*,
 “ and was as vilely damn'd and hooted at, as so vain a
 “ Presumption in the idle cause of Virtue cou'd deserve:
 “ I will grant the *Beggars Opera* had more skilfully
 “ gratify'd the publick Taste than all the brightest Au-
 “ thors before him. The same Author wrote a Second
 “ Part to his *Beggars Opera*, and transported his Heroe
 “ beyond Sea; but this was forbid to come on the
 “ Stage. Soon after this Prohibition my Performance
 “ was to come on the Stage: Great Umbrage was taken
 “ that I was permitted to have the whole Town to
 “ myself, by this absolute Forbiddance of what they
 “ had more Mind to be entertain'd with. And some
 “ Days before my Bawble was acted, I was inform'd a

* C. Cibber's Apology, p. 141.

“ strong Party would be made against it: A Report, it
 “ seems had ran against me, that to make Success for
 “ my own Play, I had privately found Means or Interest
 “ that the Second Part of the *Beggars Opera* should be
 “ suppress’d; as if I, a Comedian, had been of Conse-
 “ quence enough to influence a great Officer of State to
 “ rob the Publick of an innocent Diversion (*if it were*
 “ *such*) that none but that cunning Comedian might
 “ entertain them: --- But against *blind* Malice, and
 “ *staring* Inhumanity, whatever is upon the Stage has
 “ no Defence! There they knew I stood helpless and
 “ expos’d.---I had not consider’d, *poor Devil*, that from
 “ the Security of a full Pit Dunces might become Wits,
 “ Cowards valiant, and Prentices Gentlemen. Whe-
 “ ther such were concern’d in the Murder of my Play
 “ I am not certain; I never endeavour’d to discover any
 “ of my Assassins; I cannot afford them a better Name,
 “ from their unmanly Manner of destroying it: It
 “ faintly held up its wounded Head till the second
 “ Day, and would have spoke for Mercy, but was not
 “ suffered: The Presence of the Royal Heir appa-
 “ rent could not protect it. I therefore, to stop their
 “ Clamour, quitted the Actor for the Author, and told
 “ them, *That since they were not inclined this Play*
 “ *should go farther, I gave them my Word that after*
 “ *this Night it should never be acted again; but that in*
 “ *the mean Time I hoped they would consider in whose*
 “ *Presence they were, and for that Reason at least*
 “ *would suspend what farther Marks of Displeasure*
 “ *they might think I had deserved.* --- After a dead
 “ Silence and some little Pause, some few Hands signi-
 “ fy’d their Approbation. --- When the Play went on
 “ I observ’d about a dozen Persons, of no extraordinary
 “ Appearance, sullenly walk’d out of the Pit, after
 “ which every Scene of it met with Applause - - -
 “ But it came too late: *Peace to its Manes.* Now tho’
 “ this was the only Tumult that I had known to have
 “ been so effectually appeas’d, in fifty Years, by any
 “ Thing that could be said to an Audience in the same
 “ Humour; yet it was no Merit in me, because, when
 “ like

“ like me you submit to their doing you all the Mischief
 “ they can, they will at any Time be satisfied. ”

I have been more particular in the Length of this Question, as it contains a curious Anecdote on damning *Love in a Riddle*, and carries this Moral, that a *Suspicion* of an Actor's doing a *base Action*, may lay him open to very *severe* and *unjust* Punishments from an *Audience*: This unjust Treatment, not three Seasons ago, became a certain Actor's Fortune to meet: The Affair was of a *private Nature*, and therefore was thought a *publick Audience* had no Right to take it under their Cognizance: The Affair was this.

There was a certain Lady, --- a very fine Lady, --- to whom an Actor was once so fatally ally'd that the Law gave her a Privilege to call him Husband. --- Husband! -- O fatal Name! This Lady was young, beautiful, sensible, and virtuous when this Actor fell in Love with her: She had appear'd on the Stage as a *Singer*, and was esteem'd an admirable one. This Actor, who was at that Time at the Head of the theatric *Revolution*, which brought back the old *Drury-Lane* Actors to their old House at *Drury-Lane*, thought this young Woman had so much of the *amiable* and *virtuous* in her, that without any other Consideration, made her his Wife. What connubial Love and Harmony subsisted sometime between them, those only can judge of whose Hearts have felt the inexpressible Delights of a sincere and mutual Union. --- But alas, how short is all human Happiness! --- The Lady began to grow more cool in her Affections to her Husband than her Duty, her Honour, or her Interest, ought to have suffer'd her. --- Her Heart was estrang'd, and foreign Inclinations contaminated her Soul, --- What can be said, when so much Innocence should plunge suddenly and rashly into Vice! --- But alas!

Frailty, thy Name is Woman!

This domestic Unhappiness of the Actor brought on others: Negligent of every Thing, his Affairs grew worse, and he was at last compell'd to banish himself to another Kingdom, till Measures were taken to make his Creditors easy. During his Absence this bad Woman

man carried on a Correspondence of the most criminal Nature, and spread every false Report to injure him in the tenderest Point, his Honour, that witty Malice could invent, or the damnedst Fiend perpetrate ; it was reported her *Husband* was not only *privy* to, but the *willing, procuring, pandering Promoter* of her Crimes, and his own Infamy. --- Good God ! --- What will not Iniquity suggest, and Uncharitableness believe? --- Although

* *It is a Kind of Slander to trust Rumour.*

Yet this vile Notion too far prevail'd, as you will immediately see. --- The Season of acting was now pretty far advanc'd, and this Actor, as returned to his Employment, was to do his Duty, and get his Livelyhood at the Theatre. The Night came on he was to appear ; and tho' it had been bruited about the Town, that because he was a *willing Cuckold*, there was a very *virtuous Party* form'd to drive him off the Stage, and not suffer him to appear again ; he paid little Regard to this Rumour, conscious of his Innocence. But the poor Devil found himself mistaken. The House was very early crowded, and the harmonious discordant Concert of *Cateals, Whistle, &c. &c.* began to play before the Curtain drew up. --- Well, --- though the Actors were all frighten'd, the Play began with Calmness and Applause ; but this was only a Prelude to the Battle : When the Scene came in which he was to appear, there was a dead Silence, till he popp'd his poor Head from behind the Scenes, then at once the Hurley-Burley began, Volleys of Apples and Potatoes, and such vile Trash, flew about his Ears. He retir'd, the Storm subsided ; he advanc'd, it began again. --- In the most humble Gesture and Address, he made a Motion to be heard ; it was all in Vain, and he was once more pelted off. --- But what can describe, in those dreadful Moments, the Anguish of his Heart ? Who can conceive the various Agitations of his Soul ? --- Grief, Rage, Resentment, Horror, Despair mix'd with Resolution, were all at once fermenting in his Bosom. --- But determin'd to go through the Play, he went through it amidst the greatest Uproar that ever was heard so long a Space in a Theatre, and by a

* *Vide* Motto to Letters from a Husband to a Wife, &c. publish'd by Mr. T. C.

confident Heart he surmounted what many of less Resolution would have sunk under.

For some time after, every Joke in a Part he himself spoke, or if, when he was on the Stage, any Thing was said that alluded to Cuckoldom, the Joke was made allusive to him, and the Audience had their Laugh. This could be born, and he knew it would die away of itself. But on a Trial in Relation to his Wife's Infamy, something gave Offence to a noble * Colonel in the Army, who, to revenge a suppos'd Affront, raised a *Posse* against the *Actor*, and from the Boxes began a new Attack, and were determin'd he should appear no more on the Stage, till he had given the Gentleman Satisfaction, by making a publick Recantation: All Attempts were made to get over this; some of the *Royal Family* came, but their Presence was not thought of Sanction enough to curb the Insolence of *some People*, and an *obscure Thing* of an *Actor* performing his Part. He was at last forc'd, out of prudential Reasons, not from any Conviction of his Error, to give the Colonel the Satisfaction of a publick Recantation; and so that Affair drop'd.

I could enumerate several other Instances of *my own*, where my private Conduct and Character have laid me under a publick Censure; but as the two Instances I have quoted are the most material, and fresh in every one's Memory, they may be thought sufficient to prove that the Publick, or rather some of the Publick, will assume a Liberty over a Player's private Life and Actions.

But now, *Reader*, let your Memory return some Page or two back, and, to carry on a Connection, remember the Reason why *Wilks* gain'd a Superiority over *Powell* †: " There are other Instances, says the apologetical Historian, of the Reward and Favour which in a Theatre, Diligence and Sobriety seldom fail: *Mills* the elder, grew into the Friendship of *Wilks*, with not a great deal more than their useful Qualities to recommend him: With this Assiduity, and this Friendship, he was advanc'd to a larger Salary than any Man-Actor,

* *C. M. ret-n.* † *C. Cibber's Apology*, p. 151.

" during

“ during my Time on the Stage The Contempt and
 “ Distresses of *Powel* struck *Booth* with such a Terror of
 “ his Example, that though he had been a frank Lover
 “ of his Bottle, he immediately reform’d, for which,
 “ both in his Fame and Fortune, he enjoy’d the Reward
 “ and Benefit.”

I must here add a living Instance of what Care and indefatigable Industry will do: The younger *Mills*, not to take from him the Merit he has, is not equal to the late Mr. *Mills*: When he was a young Actor he followed his Father’s Steps, and being endow’d with a prodigious Memory, would get Parts of very great Length, which then he had not a distant View of ever performing: This Talent, and his Application to his Business, made him, in a Course of Time, become *useful*, which in a Theatre is the best Recommendation. On his succeeding to many of Mr. *Wilks*’s Parts, the Town look’d on him in a very indifferent Light; but his being always thoroughly perfect, and improving by Encouragement and Application, many Prejudices insensibly wore away, and now he is seen in Mr. *Wilks*’s Parts not without Approbation.

I must here speak of *myself*: When I first came on the Stage the Town had very little Hopes of me, nor did I sling out the *Proffer* of any *great Genius*, yet I was industrious and observant of my Business on the Stage, and did all in my Power to become any Way *useful*. I remember, that for Want of a better Performer, I undertook to be the *Harlequin*, and as few knew who it really was, I was received with more Applause than I could have imagin’d; sufficient enough, if I had not had an in-born Contempt for such *Mummery*, to have rais’d my Vanity: Nor was this my only Success in *Pantomime*; every one who remembers *Doctor Faustus* at *Drury-Lane*, must remember the *Statue*: All the Pantomimical Motions of this magic Statue had a good Effect in that Scene; they surpriz’d, they elevated, they pleas’d, and were applauded: I had the Honour to animate that *Statue*, yet as the Applause I receiv’d was false, I receiv’d it not as a Tribute to the Merit of an Actor, but the Tricks of a *Scaramouch*, or *Sadler’s Wells Tumbler*: As I had set my

F

Father,

Father, and other first Rate Actors for my *Exemplar*; before my Eyes, I had Ambition enough to attempt their Parts, and say to Posterity,

Exegi monumentum ære perennius.

I have from this Principle all along push'd forward for the Goal of *theatric Fame*, and throughout my Character, as an Actor, have kept to the *sibi constet*; for what other Failures and Follies soever I might be guilty *propria persona*, yet in my *persona personata* on the Stage, I have done every Endeavour to please; nor can my Enemies say that I ever came before an Audience imperfect, or inebriated: If I have sometimes mistook my Talents, and appear'd in Characters to which I was unequal, I hope and believe the Candour of the Town will excuse that *Ambition*, if in some others I give them any Pleasure.

To digress from this *Apology* to my *theatric chronological History*, to understand which, after so many intervening Paragraphs, see the succinct Account. From 1660 to 1684, the *King* and *Duke's* Companies had various Fortunes till they united: After that, the Actors Characters in 1690 are given; a Revolution happen'd again in 1695, and after various Changes of *theatric Ministers*, *Stage Cabals*, *Patentee Oppressions*, (too numerous to be extracted from Mr. C. Cibber's History, as they consist chiefly of *Chit-Chat*, and *l'Amusements* and *Gayete de Cœur*) they united at the Union *.

“ Hold, let me see. - - - Ay, it was so: I am right in
 “ my Chronology, for the Play of *Hamlet* being play'd,
 “ soon after, *Estionst*, who then took upon him to say
 “ any Thing, added a fourth Line to *Shakespeare's* Pro-
 “ logue to the Play in that Play, which originally con-
 “ sisted but of three; but *Estionst* made it run thus.

“ For us, and for our Tragedy,

“ Thus stooping to your Clemency,

• C. Cibber's Apology.

“ [Thus

" [This being a Year of Unity]

" *We beg your Hearing patiently.*

The private *Policies, Law-Suits, Conversations, &c. &c. &c.* I pass over, and come to the *Patent* which was granted to Mr. *Colley Cibber*, Mr. *Wilks*, Mr. *Booth*, and Sir *Richard Steele*, after the Accession of his late Majesty, not only for the Reason I mention'd before, but because I have much to say in my *own History* of the same Kind on those Subjects in which I was the † *Buffle Master-General*, as *Wilks* had been some few Years before: And if in my Relations there are any close Resemblances of Passages to Mr. *Cibber's* Apology, I shall continue to quote them, to illustrate mine, as I before promis'd.

Well then, in the Year 1718, the *Patent* was given, whereby the Stage came under the sole Management of three Actors, and a Gentleman who had long been acquainted with theatric Affairs. Under this auspicious *Triumvirate*, ... A new theatric golden Age arose.

Redeunt Saturnia Regna.

An acting Author now was a Judge of Dramatic Authors.

Tuus jam regnat Apollo.

*Oh, ye Gods! give me, give me, this great Boon,
That I o'er Bards may rule, and rule alone.*

Then may I follow my great Exemplar

- - - - - *Passibus Æquis:*

*O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima Vitæ
Spiritus & quantum sat erit MEA dicere facta,
Non me Carminibus, &c.*

Quo me BACCHE rapis tui plenus, &c.

Gentle Reader, you will excuse this Rhapsody when I tell you I am writing it at One o'Clock this Morning.

† *Vide C. Cibber's Account of Wilks.*

the 20th of *May*, 1740, after hearing something relating to *Drury-Lane*, of which you may hear more hereafter. But to the Patentee-Actors let us turn our View: They had now gain'd all they wish'd for, as to their *Power* and *Management* at *Drury-Lane*: But at the same Time the present Mr. *Rich's* House in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* was opened, which not only terrified the Managers at *Drury-Lane*, but was in fact, for a great Time, a Draw-back to their Profits; however, both Patents have since subsisted a Company with various Fortune: I find nothing after of any Consequence in the theatric History worthy of Notice during the Triumvirate: They long went forward in a settled Course of Prosperity, which Mr. *Gibber* attributes to their “* visible Errors of former Managements; from them they at last found the necessary Means to bring our private Laws and Orders into a general Observation and Approbation of our Society. Diligence and Neglect were under an equal Eye, the one never fail'd of its Reward, and the other, by being rarely excused, was less frequently committed.”

Yet sure there must be some Partiality in these Managers, and some Jealousy of young Actors; for several whom they slighted became at the other Stage good Actors, and were in high Esteem with a great Part of the Town; and several in their own House have since been thought excellent, who in their Management seldom or ever appear'd. But Appearance, as well as Applause, is the warm *Weather* of a *Theatrical Plant*. This Observation, and several others, will show that I write as an Historian ought, without Favour or Affection.

One Reformation which the *Apologist* and his *Co-Rulers* introduced deserves Attention, as the present Stages stand in need of such another.

“† Among other necessary Reformations, says he, what not a little preserv'd to us the Regard of our Auditors was the Decency of our clear Stage, from whence we had many Years shut out those idle Gen-

" clemen, who seem'd more delighted to be pretty Ob-
 " jects themselves, than capable of any Pleasure from
 " the Play: Who took their daily Stands where they
 " might best Elbow the Actor, and come in for their
 " Share of the Auditor's Attention. In many a la-
 " bour'd Scene of the warmest Humour, and of the
 " most affecting Passion, have I seen the best Actors
 " disconcerted, while these buzzing Muscatoes have
 " been fluttering round their Eyes and Ears. How was
 " it possible an Actor so embarrass'd should keep his Im-
 " patience from entering into that different Temper,
 " which his personated Character might require him to
 " be Master of."

This Nuisance of having Crouds behind our Scenes
 is now as intolerable as ever, both to the judicious Spec-
 tator and careful Player; and nothing but the *Auri Sacra*
Fames of the *Managers* would induce them to indulge
 such an Abuse of the Stage: They may say indeed it
 has been so long a Custom that young Gentlemen of
 Distinction will not be denied, nor is it their Interest
 to deny them. -- Pray good Master Manager let me ask
 you a Question: -- Will a *dozen Crowns* compensate the
 Affront given to a whole Audience of a hundred or a
 hundred and fifty Pounds? Will or can a few young
 Men of Quality support your Interest like the Ladies in
 the Boxes, the Gentlemen of the Inns of Court in the
 Pit, or the more grave Citizens in the first Gallery? ---
 Well, but you answer, if such a Custom was now de-
 nied, there would be *Uproars* in the House, which of
 late have been of such fatal Consequence, that it would
 be dangerous to hazard them again. -- That might be,
Sirs, as your Conduct prov'd: It has been experienc'd,
 if you give proper Notice to the Town, *None will be*
admitted behind the Scenes, and your Servants execute
 those Orders with the greatest Complaisance, yet deter-
 mined Resolution, the Evil might be soon remedied, as
 it is an Evil which no Pretence can defend, and all the
 Town will support an Alteration of: The Spectators
 would think themselves injured as well as you; and
 the Town very lately supported a Manager in suppress-
 ing another Nuisance, the noisy Insolence and Imper-
 tinence of the *Footmen*: In short, were they resolved

to give up a few *pecuniary Pittances*, they might, in a Week, keep the Scenes as clear from these Squirts and Puffs of Foplings as ever. Besides, as *Ars est Celare artem*, it would be politick not to let them see the *Backside of our Tapestry*; for many an Actor and Actress may seem but ordinary Stuff on strict Examination, who from a front Prospect on the Stage may seem very well: Mr. Rich, indeed, when his own important Action is depending, has some Regard to this Rule, and the Scenes are kept clear because Persons then admitted might impede the *Scenery*; and the *Beaus* and *Impertinents* are satisfied with this Reason. -- Is not then the Reason the same in Relation to the Actors, and the Scenery of a Play, as to a Pantomime: -- *Res ipsa loquitur*. -- This Nuisance is besides a Discouragement to an Actor's Performance; for when all who appear well dress'd are admitted behind the Scenes, may it not, as it has sometimes happen'd, give an Opportunity to a Monster dire, hated by Gods and Men, a *Catchpole* call'd, under this Form, to touch, with magic Spell, the Shoulder-Blade of some plum'd buskin'd Heroe, and --- *O! vile Shame!* --- compulsive force him into *Durance base*; where, by coercive Power, he is restrain'd, till Bail of Manager shall set him free. -- Such Apprehensions must alarm an Actor who may not be the best *Œconomist*; and I am sure I have often seen Faces that have given me the Palpitation of the Heart.

Mr. Cibber complains justly of another Distress the Managers of a Theatre are under, which, as I have myself experienc'd when I was the deputed Manager for *Summer Companies* at *Drury-Lane*, and a real one at the Theatre in the *Hay-Market*, I shall consider this Particular. There is no greater Persecution in the Government of a Playhouse, than the Persecution of *bad Authors*: The Managers think their Case hard, and the Authors think so of theirs: Indeed it would move Pity when an ingenious Indigent has been labouring, *invita Minerva*, to heap up a Pile of Stuff which he calls Poetry, and to depend on it for more Months Support than he has been scribbling it, yet after all to find it rejected. But though rejected in the mildest Manner, and

and for the justest Cause, yet the Manager must fall under severe Censure, and can have no Taste for good Writing, nor knows what is Sense: He must be a Blockhead convict: Out comes an Epigram or a Satire, and we are stigmatiz'd as Fools, because we will not exhibit a Piece which we are sure we must loose by. But, pray, if we have Pity for a Gentleman's Circumstances, is our good Nature to carry us such Lengths as will injure ourselves? No. *Charity begins at home*; and I see no Reason why a theatrical Trader should not have the same Privilege as his Majesty's other Liege Subjects in Trade, to buy or refuse what he pleases: The Managers ought to be allowed this Liberty of judging Plays, &c. before they are brought on the Stage; for when they are brought on, the Audience will claim the Freedom of judging of them as they think proper: They damn many which are brought on, but they would have nothing else to do the Year throughout, were the Managers of a Theatre to exhibit all the theatrical Lumber which is brought to them: To give a Refusal to these Sparks is difficult, and practis'd differently by different Persons: Mr. *Wilks* would show the utmost Complaisance on these Occasions, and by paying the Author Compliments on his Piece, that there were many *pretty Things* in it, but it would not do as it stood then, or that it might be alter'd for the better: By this, I say, he sooth'd the Poet's Anger, who though he went not away satisfy'd, did not go away enrag'd. Mr. *C. Cibber* was more short: He return'd a Piece with, *It is not fit for our Stage, Sir, it is not Theatrical.* - - Mr. *Rich* is more laconic still; for he only says, or writes, - - *It will not do.* - - Mr. *Fletewood* took a different Way from them all; he being a Gentleman of Rank by Birth, piqu'd himself on treating Authors as Gentlemen: He would see them, excuse his not having had Time to peruse their Pieces, treat them with great Deference, and desire them to call again: - - Though this was a wrong Method, and gave him much unnecessary Trouble, yet, Courtier-like, he was pleas'd with a great Number of Dependants, to all of whom he gave as much Favour as he could, and when he had

kept them in Suspence sometimes too long, he dismiss'd them with much Complaisance and good Nature. -- As for myself, on such Occasions, I followed my Father's Track; if I read a Piece and found it was not *Theatrical*, I returned it to the Author, and told him so roundly. Perhaps the Spark, with a *misty Air*, walk'd off and wrote against me: But what car'd I ---

Demens Judio Vulgi, Sanus Meo.

But the most pleasant Way of returning an Author a refus'd Play, was that of *Quin's*: This Anecdote is worth relating. When Mr. *James Quin* was a managing Actor under Mr. *Rich*, at *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, he had a whole Heap of Plays brought him, which he put in a Drawer in his Beaurae: An Author had given him a Play behind the Scenes, which I suppose he might lose, or mislay, not troubling his Head about it. Two or three Days after Mr. *Bayes* waited on him to know how he lik'd his Play: *Quin* told him some Excuse for its not being receiv'd, and the Author desir'd to have it return'd. -- "There, says *Quin*, there it lies on that Table." -- The Author took up a Play that was lying on a Table, but on opening found it was a *Comedy*, and *his* was a *Tragedy*, and told *Quin* the Mistake: -- "Faith then, Sir, said he, I have lost your Play" -- "Lost my Play!" cries the Bard -- "Yes by G--d I have, answer'd the Tragedian, but here is a Drawer full of both *Comedies* and *Tragedies*, take any *two* you will in the Room of it." -- The Poet left him in *high Dudgeon*, and the Heroe stalk'd across the Room to his *Spaw Water* and *Rhenish* with a negligent Felicity.

But to drop the Cutrain of this Chapter, which shall close with Mr. *Cibber's* last Speech.

"* During our last four Years, there happen'd so very little like what has been said before, that I shall conclude with barely mentioning those unavoidable Accidents that drew on our Dissolution: The first that for some Years had led me the Way to

* *C. Cibber's Apology*, p. 345.

" greater

" greater, was the continued ill State of Health which
 " render'd *Booth* incapable of appearing on the Stage.
 " The next was the Death of Mrs. *Oldfield*, which
 " happen'd on the 23d of *October*, 1730. About the
 " same Time Mrs. *Porter*, then in her highest Reputa-
 " tion for Tragedy, was lost to us by the Misfortune
 " of a dislocated Limb, from the overturning of a
 " Chaise; and our last Stroke was the Death of *Wilks*,
 " in *September* the Year following, 1731.

" Notwithstanding such irreparable Losses, whether,
 " when these favourite Actors were no more to be had,
 " their Successors might not be better born with than
 " they could possibly have been while the other were in
 " Being; or that the Generality of Spectators, from
 " their Want of Taste, were easier to be pleased than
 " the Few that knew better; or that at worst our
 " Actors were still preferable to any other Company of
 " the several then subsisting; or to whatever Cause it
 " might be imputed, our Audiences were far less abated
 " than our Apprehensions had suggested; so that tho'
 " it began to grow late in Life with me, having still
 " Health and Strength enough to have been as useful
 " on the Stage as ever, I was under no visible Necessity
 " of quitting it: But so it happen'd, that our surviving
 " Fraternity having got some chimærical, and, as I
 " thought, unjust Notions into their Heads, which,
 " though I knew they were without much Difficulty to
 " be surmounted, I chose not, at my Time of Day, to
 " enter into new Contentions; and as I found an Inclina-
 " tion in some of them to purchase the whole Power
 " of the Patent into their own Hands, I did my best,
 " while I stay'd with them, to make it worth their
 " while to come up to my *Price*, and then patiently
 " sold out my Share to the first Bidder, wishing the
 " Crew I had left in the Vessel a good Voyage.

" What Commotions the Stage fell into the Year
 " following, or from what Provocations the greatest
 " Part of the Actors revolted, and set up for themselves
 " in the *Little Theatre* in the *Hay-Market*, lies not
 " within the Province of my Title Page to relate: Or
 " as it might set some Persons living in a Light they
 " might

“ might possibly not chuse to be seen in, I will be rather
 “ thankful for the involuntary Favour they have done
 “ me, than trouble the Publick with private Complaints
 “ of fancied or real Injuries.”

Thus ends Mr. Colley Cibber's History of his *own Times*, and from this *Æra* I shall, as a Supplement to his *Apology*, continue *mine*. The View of the Stage for Nine Years past, in which I have had a large Share of Action, may seem a proper *Appendix* to his more copious and laborious History.

But before I conclude this Chapter, I must do Justice to another compendiary Historian, old *Downes*, the Prompter, who has given the Characters of the Actors in 1706, the Year of the *Union*. There is a Particularity in his Stile and Manner, and a turgid Pompousness in his Epithets; yet it is not to be wondered at, having been so many Years conversant with *theatric Phrases*, and *elevated Elocution*: His Stile nor Manner are not copious and digressive as that of Mr. Colley Cibber, yet there is a *Something* in it, by which the judicious Reader will discern some Affinity of *Genius*. Take his Characters in their own Order and Orthography.

Mr. *Wilks*, proper and comely in Person; of graceful Port, Mein, and Air; void of Affectation; his Elevations and Cadences just; congruent to Elocution, especially in genteel Comedy; not inferior in Tragedy; the Emission of his Words free, easy, and natural, attracting attentive Silence in his Audience (I mean the Judicious) except were there are unnatural Parts, as

- - - - - I'll mount the Sky,
 And kick the Gods like Footbals, as I fly;
 As Poet *Durfey* has it.

*Which puts the Voice to such obstreperous Stretch,
 Requires the Lungs of a Smith's Bellows to reach.*

He is indeed the finish'd Copy of his famous Predecessor Mr. *Hart*.

Mr. *Cibber*, a Gentleman of his Time, has arriv'd to an exceeding Perfection in hitting justly the Humour of a starch'd Beau or Fop to the Lord *Foppington*, Sir *Fopling*,

Fopling and *Sir Courtly*, equaling in the last, the late eminent *Mr. Mounford*, not much inferior in *Tragedy*, had Nature given him Lungs strenuous to his finish'd Judgment.

Mr. Estcourt, *Histrionatus*; he has the Honour (Nature endowing him with an easy, free, unaffected Mode of Elocution) in Comedy always to *latificate* his Audience, especially Quality (witness *Serjeant Kyte*;) He's not excellent only in that, but a superlative Mimick.

Mr. Booth, a Gentleman of liberal Education, of Form venust, of mellifluent Pronunciation, having proper Gesticulations, which are graceful Attendants to true Elocution, of his Time a most compleat Tragedian.

Mr. Johnson. He's skilful in the Art of Painting, which is a great Adjument very promovent to the Art of true Elocution, which is all requirable in him that bears the Name of an Actor: He has the Happiness to gain Applause from Court and City, witness *Morose*, *Corbachio*, *Mr. Hothead*, and several others: He is a true Copy of *Mr. Underhill*, whom *Sir William D'avenant* judg'd 40 Years ago in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, the truest Comedian in his Company.

Mr. Dogget. On the Stage he is very *aspectabund*, wearing a Farce in his Face; his Thoughts deliberately framing, his Utterance congruous to his Looks: He is the only comic Original now extant.

Mr. Pinkethman, he is the Darling of *Fortunatus*, has gain'd more at the Theatres and Fairs in twelve Years, than those that has tug'd at the Oar of acting these 50.

Next *Mr. Mills*, *Mr. Powel*, *Mr. Bullock*; the two first excel in Tragedy, the other in Comedy.

I must not omit Praises due to *Mr. Betterton*, the first, and now only Remain of the old Stock of the Company, of *Sir William D'avenant* in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*: He, like an old stately spreading Oak, now stands fix'd environ'd round with brave, young, growing, flourishing Plants.

Mr. Dryden, a little before his Death, rend'ring him this Praise;

“ *He, like the setting Sun, still shoots a glimmering Ray,*
“ *Like ancient Rome, majestic in Decay.*

Having

Having thro' this historic Narrative rather made use of History already compiled than wrote my own, the next Scenes will open with great Events, in which I was a principal Actor; what a Kind of a Part I play, or how well I perform'd it, I must submit, as I ever shall all my other theatrical Actions, to the Censure or Approbation of the Publick.



C H A P. VII.

The Author's Ambition in the remarkable Year 1720. -- His commencing Author. The Reasons for it. The Author and Alexander compared. Mr. Colley Cibber privately takes away King John from Drury-Lane Theatre. --- The Author's Speech as a theatrical Patriot. --- The Drury-Lane Company revolt from Highmore, and go to the Hay-market. The Act of Parliament for licensing the Stage considered by the Author and Mr. Colley Cibber. --- Reflections on the Author of Pasquin. --- A theatrical State Secret.



THE Theatre has, with Humour and Propriety been compared to a Political State, but the Nature of its Government has never been fixed: Some affirm the natural Constitution of a Theatre is a Republick; some say it is a limited, others an unlimited Monarchy: What is the best, or what the original Form of Government was, or what future Kind of Government it may have, the most shrewd theatric Politician cannot affirm. Whatever my Notions may be as to national Government, yet, as to a Theatrical State, I must ingenuously confess myself Anti-monarchical: I am for a Government by a few; a Triumvirate; and I will tell you roundly, Reader, my Reason. The Stage never succeeded better than under the Triumvirate; and as I can never be a sole Monarch, this is the best Form I can think of, which would give me Power equal to a Monarch, though not the titular Honour; for my Co-partners in Empire should be little more than Cyphers, signifying, roundly, Nothing.

Nothing. They might indeed be *Triumvirs*; but then, like Duke *Trinculo* in the Play, I would *Triumvir* over them. This may seem too vain a Conjecture of my own Parts, and too vain a Contempt of the Understanding of others; but in the Sequel of this Story you will find, that as I was the *Buffle-master General*, I was also the *Commander-General*, and *Treaty-master General*; if with all these Commissions I could not secure to myself as much or more Power than most Monarchs in fact have, I ought to be stigmatiz'd for the errantest Dolt that ever pretended to *Machiavelism*.

But after this *Pro-æmium* let me introduce Matters of Fact, for which it will be necessary to premise some few Things regarding myself before the *Triumvirate* was dissolv'd, and Mr. *Colley Cibber* sold his Share in the Patent, as they will the better connect what Relations, Observations, Contemplations, Ruminations, Quotations, and Argumentations which may ensue.

From the little hopes which the Publick conceived of me as an Actor who would make any Figure, by Industry, Application, and what join'd to them is To *Play*, the All in All, *Genius*, I rose into a gradual Esteem of the Town: But lest my Significance as an Actor should not be glaring enough, I was resolv'd, young as I was, at a Time when the whole Nation was in a Buffle, to make my Share in it. In the Year 1720, when all Men thought of raising Estates, and bubbling the World out of what Money they could, I had a violent Ambition of getting much Money, and making much Noise. Would you think it, but I will confess the Simplicity of my Heart: I thought then that were I a *South-Sea Director*,

That I wou'd do -- Ye Gods! -- What I wou'd do!

But as I was, resolv'd I was to act something *adventurous* within my Sphere; and, unlike the other Projectors, I built my Scheme on a valuable Foundation; and, according to City Phrase, I had the Credit of the best Man in *England* to make use of: In short, as all were commencing great Men, I was resolv'd to commence Author, and accordingly alter'd a Play of *Shakespear's* and

and had it brought on the Stage; nor was the Success of it much unequal to my Hopes. This indeed was thought striking a bold Stroke; to alter *Shakespear* was a Task that some Persons, merely bigotted to Antiquity, shudder'd at the Name, they calling it sacrificing, violating, affronting, and I don't know what, the Manes of that Bard: But sure all unprejudic'd Persons will not deny, that some historical Plays of *Shakespear* want what we now call *Jeau de Theatre*, that is, a ---, a --- something necessary to make *Shakespear* be . . . more . . . more, in brief more *Jeau de Theatre*. My parental Exemplar had alter'd *Richard the III*d before, that is, he had cull'd the Flowers of two or three Plays, and had bunch'd them up into a Nofegay, for the Devil a Line did he write himself; some indeed he alter'd, but some say for the worse: In this Manner I alter'd *Henry the Sixth*; and that the present and future Age might know that I had alter'd it, I printed it with my own Name, in capital Letters, in the Title-Page. This is mention'd to shew what I did *patrassare* in my first setting out in a Theatre; but here I allow *non passibus æquis*. From this Instance, however, the Publick saw there was some Spirit of Audacity, and the Dawn of Genius in me. From this notable Æra I became more singularly remarkable both on and off the Stage: I had some few small Parts given me, in which I succeeded beyond Expectation; but as by this Time I knew so much of a Theatre, that I was sensible *Original Parts* made the strongest Influence in the Audience, I endeavour'd to get all the little, sprightly, or humourous Parts which I thought I could hit; the first in which I was more particularly taken Notice of, was the *Country Foot-Boy* in the *Conscious Lovers*. The Part was but a few Lines, yet I, without Affectation say, that I struck in to the awkwardly-pert cunning of such an unlick'd Cub, so naturally, that I had as many Claps as Speeches. I valued not the Length of a Part so much as its Humour, and if I had Applause when I was on the Stage, I was better satisfied than being on the Stage longer, and having no Applause at all: Other young Actors of the House thought in regard to me, what *Wilks* and *Powel* did

did as to Mr. *Gibber*, *sen.* --- * “ They generally
 “ measured, says he, the Goodness of a Part by the
 “ Length of it: I thought none bad by being short, that
 “ were closely natural, nor any the better for being
 “ long, without that Quality. But in this I doubt as to
 “ their Interest they judg’d better than myself, for I
 “ have generally observ’d, that those who do a great deal
 “ not ill, have been preferr’d to those who do but little,
 “ though never so masterly.” As to the latter Part of
 the Sentence, Experience has prov’d equally, that to
 act much tolerably, and not so much masterly, are the
 Ways to rise to the Top of a Theatre: Mr. *Gibber* was
 himself a Master of a Company, and it is no very great
 odds, but Mr. *T. C.* may succeed to the same Post of ho-
 nourable Profit.

As I rose into some Degree of Approbation, I succeed-
 ed Mr. *Norris*, commonly call’d *Dicky Norris* in several
 of his Parts; which, with several others, which I was
 well receiv’d in, put me a little upon my Mettle; and I
 began to think, as I had heard my Father say, he was
 taken Notice of most for being an Author as well as an
 Actor, that I would pursue the same Measures. I soon
 came to a Resolution, for Ambition in great Souls acts
 with incredible Rapidity. --- *Aut Cæsar aut nullus*, I
 thought an excellent Apothegm; *Nec mora, nec requies*,
 Pen, Ink, Paper, a Collection of Plays, &c. being pre-
 par’d, to Work went I. When I had thought of a
 Plot, struck out Hints for some Characters, and fix’d in
 the Name of a Comedy, I communicated, at a proper
 Opportunity, my Design to my Father. He heard me
 with an indolent Air, and gave me no Answer, but lol-
 ling back in his great Chair, took a *Pinch of Snuff*, and
 fell asleep. --- It is impossible to conceive the tumult-
 uous Passions that then agitated my whole human Frame:

*Quick beat my Heart, my Pulse ran high,
 And Vengeance darted from my Eye;
 Upon my Brow sat lowering Care,
 And all the Horror of Despair.*

--- Yet I waited till he awoke, and repeated to him
 my Design of writing a Comedy. --- "*A Comedy,*
 "*Boy! Thou write a Comedy!*" --- Yes, Sir, says I,
 why not? You wrote a Comedy before you was my
 Age. --- "*True, Child; but, my Dear, I hope you*
 "*don't think of this Affair seriously.*" --- Yes, Sir, I
 have thought on it, and have begun it, and half wrote
 it. --- "*Well, but harkye, Sir, What has put you on*
 "*this Exploit? Fame, Fame, I suppose, and Parnassian*
 "*Glory: Pr'ythe stick to thy Business as an Actor, and*
 "*don't shew yourself in a double Capacity a Coxcomb.*" ---
 Saying this, he took a Pinch of Snuff, and walk'd off. ---
 Reader, you may believe I was not in a little Confu-
 sion, and you may equally credit me, when I tell you
 I thought my Father as errant a conceited pragmat-
 ical self-sufficient Coxcomb as ever he represented. However,
 on I went with my Play, and when I had finish'd three
 Acts, I accidentally happen'd to be with him alone, when
 he surpriz'd me, by saying, "*Well, Boy, What is become*
 "*of this Comedy of thine? Hast thou wrote a favourite*
 "*Scene yet?*" I told him what Progress I had made, when,
 taking a Pinch, and smiling, "*Pr'ythe, says, he, what*
 "*dost thou mean? What a Gad's Name, THE' inspires*
 "*you in this Attempt?*" --- That Principle, Sir,
 said I, that most of the World act upon, *Interest*. You
 know, Sir, I have not been the most frugal Oeconomist;
 my Finances low, my Debts high, and my Creditors
 impatient; a Comedy, Sir, from me would set all right:
 I am sure it will do; my writing it would make it run:
 The Name would raise a *Curiosity*. . . . "*Yes, Sir,*
 "*answer'd he, thy Name, for my Name-sake would se-*
 "*cure your being damu'd.*" . . . However, as this is the
 "*State of the Case, let me see your Play when you have*
 "*finish'd it, and I will let you know more of my Mind.*
 "*I like the Reason you give for writing, and therefore*
 "*shall not oppose it.*" . . . Now my Heart bounded
 with Joy, and what will not the Gratification of our De-
 sires work upon our Heart? I began to love my Father;
 I look'd on him in another Light, and instead of think-
 ing him a Coxcomb, thought he talk'd like a very sensible
 Man. In a Fortnight my Play was finish'd, and I
 brought

brought it him, and read it: He told me it was a rough Pebble, yet might do with a little polishing; for it was a tolerable good first Play: In brief, it pleas'd him so much, that he lick'd the rude *Poetic Cub* into that Form in which it afterwards appear'd. On his Consent it should be brought on the Stage immediately, I could not help ruminating on the Happiness of my Case as an Author; for there was not one Author then living could have brought a Performance on the Stage without infinite Trouble, Vexation, Charge and Interest. I took Care it should get into Rehearsal at the Time the Managers had appointed, who were so civil as to compliment me with the prime Part of the Season. *It may smell pragmatical in the Nostrils of Gravity*, yet I cannot here help remarking what Ideas the Thirst of *Fame* and *Interest* will raise in a generous Mind: The Reader will think, *Alexander the Great* and I, can have no Analogy on this Occasion: But though my Character is not parallel to him, my Soul may. The Minds of two Men, though they are plac'd at some Distance, if they think in a right Way, will and must meet in one and the same Thought; so every one knows two parallel Lines, the least inclining to one another in the Progression, must and will meet in one and the same Point; as then an Analogy between *Me* and *Alexander* may be mathematically prov'd, I'll show it also by Example. The *Macedonian* when he had meditated in Youth high Exploits, and noble Feats of Arms, his Breast all swelling with the Heaves and Throws of Ambition, he set before his Eyes the Acts of *Achilles*; inspired by these he shook his brandish'd Falchion; on Conquest he resolv'd; . . . resolv'd and conquer'd: so I ruminating on dramatic Fame, *Parnassian* Glory, and three third crowded Nights, set before my Eyes the Writings of *Colley Cibber*; inspir'd by those, I brandish'd high my Pen, hurling Defiance in vile Critick's Teeth. On Triumph I resolv'd. . . . resolv'd and triumph'd. . . Now some smart theatrical *Wou'dbe* will say this Comparison proves me no more like *Alexander the Great*, than that of *Fluellin's* in *Henry the Fifth* does him like *Alexander the Pig*: This would give me no Pain.

Odi profanum vulgus & arceo.

But as to my Play: When it began to *mellow* in Rehearsal, and was almost ripe enough for the Stage; a pestilential Blast of Envy had like to have destroy'd it, and with it all my fair Hopes: A Rumour had gone abroad, that truly this Comedy was none of mine, but my Father's; and that he, not willing to stand the Bears any more, brought it out under my Name. As ridiculous as this was, it gain'd Belief among many, therefore it was thought necessary that I should make a previous Apology to the Town to set Matters in a true Light, and to take off Prejudice: Accordingly I wrote a *Letter* to the *Town*, and printed it in one or more of the publick Papers, in which I told them that, upon my Word and Credit, it was all *my own Doings*, and that my Father never wrote a Line of it, or saw it. Notwithstanding this Letter, and the intrinsic Value of the Comedy, there was great Opposition made to the Play, and damn'd it had surely been, if the Epilogue spoke by my first Wife *Jenny Cibber* and me had not sav'd it; for my Father knowing how it would be, wrote an *Epilogue* as a *Dialogue*, between me and *Jenny*, in which she told me I was a *Blockhead to write*, and that I was my Father's *own Son*; all which were strong Jokes with the Audience. I put on a pitiful Face, told her I wrote to pay my Debts, and that I would for the future, prove a good and loving Husband, if she would save my Play: The Audience being won by her Entreaty, to

“ Give us, at least, an honest Chance to live,

The Play liv'd nine Nights. - - This being the chief Incident of my Life as an *Author*, I have been somewhat prolix in the Account of it; and have yet some more Observations to make. I mention'd that I wrote a Letter to the Town previous to the Performance of my Play: Now there is a Parallel to this in the Conduct of Mr. *Colley Cibber*, which is not mention'd in his Apology, his *Apology* not reaching to that Time. Every one must remember that three Years ago Mr. *Colley Cibber* brought to *Drury-Lane Theatre* his Play, alter'd from

Shake-

Shakespear, call'd *King John*: It was no sooner in Rehearsal, but slap the Criticks were at him directly; Letters, Epigrams, Odes, Jokes, and all the Ribaldry of *Grubstreet* flew about in the Papers, and it was said the Templars, and their *Posse Legislatui*, were engag'd to damn it. On this Mr. *Cibber* wrote a Letter, directed, *To the Students of the Inns of Court*, and very handsomly and mighty civilly desired them to do no such Thing. This Letter was new Fuel to the Flame; they sell soul of the Letter immediately, from whence he might easily conjecture how they would use his Play: But what could he do; the Play was just ready to be perform'd, the Actors perfect, Scenes painted, and much Time had been spent which the Master of the House would otherwise have been using to his Interest, therefore he could not fairly withdraw it: However, he was resolv'd it should not be damn'd; and fearing the Master might insist on its being play'd, what does he, but at a Rehearsal, seeing his Play lying on the Prompter's Table, he takes up the Copy, and puts it up into his Pocket *snug*, and decently walk'd off with it, resolving he would not run the Risque of so precarious a Fortune.

I shall here, while I think of it, speak of a Theatrical Conduct lately practis'd, nor can I speak of it in any Place more proper than in this: I mean that of Persons belonging to a Theatre addressing the Town by Letters.

I must confess, that I and my Father first practis'd this Art, with the same Success: It laid us open to the Criticism of Coffee-house Wits, who thought soberly on what we wrote hastily: There was such canvassing the Style; this was not *Grammar*, and that was not *Sense*; one Thing was *false English*, another a *Cibberism*: But besides the Jokes, which if nothing else are nothing at a l, they debated the Point over, and form'd themselves into Parties, which we experienc'd were not to our Advantage. I have, indeed, since the Time of my Play, address'd the Town, and with the same Success; for I find by our Theatrical Squabbles and Altercations we make as much Amusement to the Town in a Morning, as by our Performance in an Evening. The Contentions

for the Part of *Polly* between Mr. *Clive* and my late --- I was going to say *Wife*; --- but a late *Woman* who was call'd by my Name: That Contest, I remark, furnish'd a copious Topic for Conversation, Argument, and Publication, and ended with Noise and Uproars in the Play-house: There has been the same Thing practis'd by *Monsieur Denoyer* and *Mademoiselle Roland*, and before by *Monsieur Poitier* and *Mademoiselle Roland*, *versus* *Messieurs Quin* and *Fleetwood*, and yet another, which made not a little Noise, between the two *Harlequins*, *Messieurs Philips* and *Woodward*. The Consequence of all these Addresses has been this; the Town is call'd into the Playhouse, as the *dernier Refort*, to judge of Things which the *Master* of the House is only Judge of: When the Judges come to this mixt Court of Judicature, where all present may pass Sentence, they are divided in Opinion, and then the Question must be decided by Noise and Tumult, and they who are the greatest Rioters carry it. I do not find that any of these epistolary Addresses to the Town from theatric Performers have done them any Service, nor would I advise, on any Occasion, to have Recourse to such Expedients: However, there is no Rule without Exception. Mr. *Rich*, who has never suffered his People to make Appeals, nor ever made them himself, was at last drawn in by meer Necessity. A little, trifling, pragmatical, obscure *Pothecary*, that lives in some bye Street or Alley about *Covent-Garden*, one *J--- H--ll*, publishes a *Thing* call'd the *Opera of Orpheus*, and in a scurrilous Preface to it, abuses Mr. *Rich* for having stole his Entertainment of *Orpheus* and *Eurydice* from his *Orpheus*, and instigated the Publick to do Justice for so notorious a Fraud; nor was this Pamphlet his only Attack: He run about the Town, made Parties, and People from his Representations, thought him really injured: Now it became necessary for Mr. *Rich* likewise to appeal to the Town, and to set the Affair in a true Light, and plainly narrate downright Matters of Fact: To this *H--ll* replied, with all the scoundrel Scurrility his little Wit could afford; and I also became an Object of his Malice. There was a candid Answer printed to his Pamphlet the Night before

fore the Entertainment came out: This Address to the Publick, from Mr. *Rich*, was necessary, and had the desired Effects: The first Night the *Entertainment* was *crouded*, and was received with general Applause; and the World has never since hear'd of that *J--- H--ll*, who sunk into that Obscurity from whence he emerg'd.

But to return, Reader, to that Station in the Theatre from whence I digress'd. After having wrote my Play call'd the *Lover*, I began to think myself every Day of more and more Consequence; and having got an Insight into the Manner of Managing, I began to think I • is Equal to the Management of a young Company to play in the Summer Season. Accordingly I got Leave from Mr. *Wilks*, and the other Masters, to form a young Company, and, to play during the Vacation: This was no bad Thing for the Masters, nor the inferior Players; for the first receiv'd a settled Payment for the Use of a few old Scenes and Cloaths, and the latter generally five or six Days pay *per Week* for two Days Performance. Besides, I generally brought out some new Pieces and Farces, which not only turned to our immediate Account, but to the Good of the *Actors*, as *Actors*, and to the *Masters*, by becoming very gainful Performances the Winter or two following. To Instance this, I need say no more than that *George Barnwell*, the *Devil to pay*, the *Mack Doctor*, and the *Beggars Opera*, the Part of *Polly* by Mrs. *Clive*, were first perform'd under my Management of Summer Companies: From these young Companies see what Performers have been chiefly sprung; Mrs *Clive*, Mrs. *Buttler*, and, though last, not least in Love --- MYSELF. This Custom I continued till the Revolution of the whole Company under my Conduct, of which more hereafter. This Management of mine was an undoubted Proof of my Abilities, and I did imagine I might become a Manager in my own Right: But, alas, how frail are all human Hopes! On the Death of Mr. *Wilks*, Mr. *Gibber, sen.* sold out, at a proper Opportunity, his Share of the Patent to Mr. *Higmore*, a Gentleman who had a great liking to theatrical Affairs, and who had play'd some Parts on the Stage, meerly, I suppose, to shew what a Judge he was of acting, and

consequently of Actors. The Parts he play'd were *Hotspur* and *Lothario*. This Gentleman, besides his Liking to theatrical Affairs, had chiefly a Liking to theatrical Gain: He had heard, and partly seen what Profits the Managers had made for a long Course of Years, and had a Mind to purchase what he thought would prove so fine an Income: How his Expectations were answered, you will find related. Here I must disclose a Secret; When Mr. *Cibber*, *sen.* sold out his Share in the Patent, I was desperately alarm'd, and look'd on it as a Piece of Injustice done to myself: For I thought his Share, or at least the major Part of his Share, would have devolved upon me as an Inheritance; therefore I looked on myself as a *disinherited Son*, and that *Higmore* had bought, clandestinely, my *Birth-Right*, or rather by sinister Means *deprived* me of it. This may serve for a Reason why I so heartily enter'd into the Measures I afterwards prosecuted: On Mr. *Booth's* Death the Patent became invested to the Property of Mr. *Higmore*, the Widow *Booth*, and the Widow *Wilks*. The whole Company began to murmur at being rul'd by so motley a Kind of Government as they were now falling under, *viz.* A Man who knew nothing of the Business, and two Women unfit for such a Province: Mr. *Ellis* was indeed deputed to act for Mrs. *Wilks*, but I believe that did not much better the Affairs: Mr. *Ellis*, however, became not only a Deputy to Mrs. *Wilks*, but Prime-Minister and *Fac-Totum* to *Higmore*. This could be no pleasant Situation for the other Actors, who had been so many Years labouring in the Theatre, and bore the Burthen of the Day; such as the elder *Mills*, Mr. *Johnson*, *Miller*, *Griffin*, and some others, who, though younger, had some Claim, as *Mills, jun.* and *myself*: I found this an admirable Time to put in Execution a Design I had plan'd, which was, at a proper Opportunity, to fling off the Yoke, and set up for Masters and Managers ourselves: At one of our private Meetings all were complaining, yet no one propos'd a Method of Redress, when I got up from my Chair and thus delivered myself.

Gentlemen,

Gentlemen,

“ MY Heart never beats with a stronger Joy than
 “ when I have a Power of *thinking* and *acting*
 “ right: I think the Glow that now warms my Bosom
 “ is raised by *Truth* and cherished by *Sobriety*. Long
 “ have you complained of the Tyranny you groan
 “ under, and long have looked with Indignation on your
 “ Chains: But what, *O ye Gods!* can avail lugubrious
 “ Lamentations? Of what Force is such female Rhe-
 “ torick? . . . If you think you receive Injuries, deliver
 “ yourselves from them: If you would not be *Slaves*,
 “ be *free*: If you have a *Will* to be so, you have
 “ *Power*. Under what Bonds are you confined? By
 “ what Allegiance are you restrained? You have a glo-
 “ rious Cause: You may be the Asserters of the Cause
 “ of *Liberty*. What though your Enemies have got
 “ the *Patent*, you have your *own Talents*, your *own*
 “ *Endowments* of *Nature*, and *Acquisitions* of *Art*.
 “ What is the *Great Seal* to you? You may say of
 “ *that*, as was said by a great and bold Man of *Magna*
 “ *Charta*, it was a *Magna Farta*. If you have Spirits,
 “ Resolution, and Conduct, a fair Road invites to
 “ Wealth, Fame, and Freedom. You may take their
 “ House of some of the Renters, and get Possession of
 “ it by Artifice, and set up yourselves: A Stratagem in
 “ War is no Crime: Or, failing in that, you may,
 “ *pro tempore*, take the little *Hay-market House*: Your
 “ Company will be better than theirs, and Novelty of
 “ Places will be changing the Scene, and give Success.
 “ Perhaps it may be objected we have no *Exchequer*, no
 “ *Scenes*, no *Cloaths*, with a long *Et cætera*. What
 “ then? You may have Credit enough . . . Though
 “ some among you have not much Credit in a *private*
 “ *Capacity*, yet in a *publick Capacity*, as a Body cor-
 “ porate, as it were, much Credit will be given: There
 “ are monied Men who will adventure Sums on such a
 “ Proceeding: Therefore, *Sirs*, no longer shew this *Ina-*
 “ *nity of Complaint*; the Means of Freedom are in your
 “ own Possession, which, if you refuse, may you be

" perpetual Slaves, and be sold like a Herd of Sheep
 " from one Purchaser to another : If you dare be other-
 " wise, by this *honest Heart* I will risque my Life and
 " Fortune with you, and prove to you, that I cannot
 " only, *Fari quæ sentio sed Agere quæ Sentio*, speak
 " what I think, but *act* accordingly."

This Harangue had all the Success that I could wish ;
 They resolved no longer to bear the galling Yoke of
 Tyranny, but assert that Liberty and Property which
 all true *Britons* are so tenacious of. When the Season
 was quite over, we thought it a proper Time, having
 gain'd some of the Renters to our Side, to endeavour
 to gain Possession of the Theatre ; but in this we fail'd,
 though we attacked it, *Vi & Armis*. On this Disap-
 pointment, we all agreed, that the only Place we could
 pitch our Tents at, and open our theatrical Campaign,
 must be at the little House in the *Hay-market*. Several
 Objections were made to the Situation of the Place, and
 the Smallness of the Theatre ; but, as I had the Revo-
 lution strongly at Heart, I talked them and persuaded
 them out of all their Objections. At Length it was
 resolved, in a full Council of War, that we would en-
 camp at the *Hay-market* ; we accordingly took the
 House of one *Potter*, a Carpenter, who was the Land-
 lord, bespoke all our dramatick Equipages and Furni-
 ture, and held frequent Councils to settle the Operations
 of the ensuing Campaign. At the Fair of *Bartholomew*
 we gain'd some Recruits ; but besides those Advantages
 over the Enemy, I myself went there in Person, and
 publickly *exposed* myself : This was done to sling De-
 fiance in the Patentees Teeth ; for on the Booth where
 I exhibited, I hung out the *Stage-Mutiny*, with *Pistol*
 at the Head of his Troop, our Standard bearing this
 Motto, -- *We Eat*. -- In a few Days after, the Patentees
 opened with *Æsop*, to which they added an occasional
 Scene, written formerly by Sir *John Vanbrugh*, on a
 prior Desertion of Actors, wherein they thought they
 did great Service to the Patentees, and cast a severe Re-
 flection on us : They next attack'd us by another old,
 worn-out, rhapsodical Affair of one *Feildings*, call'd
 the

the *Author's* Parce, in which I and my Father were daily ridicul'd : But all this I laugh'd at in my Sleeve; well considering, that joking on the *Cibbers* could not hurt us, On the contrary, we open'd with *Love for Love*, and got up all the strongest Plays with a diligent Expedition. Our Company consisted of the old *Veterans*, who were allow'd by the Town to be greatly superior to our Antagonists ; for excepting Mrs. *Clive* and Mrs. *Horton*, there was not one in their Company but was the contemptible Refuse of the Theatre. We had also receiv'd an additional Force, by receiving Mr. *Milward*, who having left Mr. *Rich* on some Disgust, join'd our Forces. The Patentees imagin'd that much depended on the Number of their Troops, and they had try'd considerable Reinforcements from strolling Companies ; but being all awkward and undisciplin'd, they were no more to compare to us than the County Militia to the King's Body-Guards *.

What rude, riotous Havock was made of all the late dramatic Honours of our Theatre ! All became at once the Spoil of Ignorance and Self-Conceit ! *Shakespeare* was tortur'd and defac'd in every single Character. *Hamlet* and *Othello* lost in one Hour all their good Sense, their Dignity, and Fame. *Brutus* and *Cassius* became noisy Blusterers, with bold unmeaning Eyes, mistaken Sentiments, and turgid Elocution : Not young Lawyers in hir'd Robes and Plumes at a Masquerade, could be less what they could seem, or more awkwardly personate the Character they belong'd to." This exclamatory Invective of Mr. *Colley Cibber*, on the Revolution which *Betterton* made, is so *apropos* to my Revolution, I could not forbear quoting it. As we met with much Success, and the Patentees with none at all, they thought to effect by Policy what they could not obtain by Force : They endeavour'd therefore to silence us, not by the Authority of the Lord Chamberlain, but that of an Act of Parliament, by which they would prove us Vagabonds. To effect this, Mr. *Harper* was taken up as a Vagabond, and was com-

* *Vide C. Cibber's Apology*, p. 116.

mitted to *Bridewell*: But on the Trial of the Legality of his Commitment, it appear'd that he was not within the Description of the Act of the Twelfth of Queen *Ann*, against Vagabonds, he being a House-keeper, and having a Vote for the Members of Parliament for *Westminster*: He was therefore discharg'd, and conducted through the Hall, amidst the triumphant Acclamations of his theatric Friends. Having carried this important Point, we had nothing to fear from the Patentees, knowing now that our Success depended solely on our own good Conduct, and the Favour of the Publick. I cannot but confess that we had dismal Apprehensions of the Force of the Act, which would have so fix'd the Power of the Patent, that we must *invitis animis* have return'd to the Dominions of our former Masters: We had indeed got a specious Colour of a Licence, and put at the Top of our Bill, *By Licence of the Master of the Revels*; for which titular Honour we paid him handsomely; yet we did this rather to induce the Publick to think we play'd by a legal Authority and under the Sanction of the Court, than for any Right which we thought it conferr'd on us. We could not be ignorant that Mr. *Giffard's* Company at *Goodman's Fields* was then playing against all the Opposition that could be made to it, against the Power of the City of *London*, and even their Remonstrances to the Court that it was a Nuisance. In short, it was not then thought in the Power of the Crown to suppress a Playhouse, though acting without Royal Licence and Permission, because it was not evidently an illegal Thing. But the Case is now alter'd by a late Act of Parliament, which has fix'd all Power in regard to Theatres and theatrical Affairs in the Lord Chamberlain for the Time being: As this Act is of such Importance to the Theatres, and the passing it caus'd great Debates in both Houses, it may be proper to consider the Cause and Reasons given for having it enacted; in relating which, I may give some curious Anecdotes, and State-Secrets, which Mr. *C. Cibber* has omitted; yet I shall open my Narrative in his Words, as they are an Invective against a certain Person, for whom also I have a Word or two in *Petto*.

“ These

" * These tolerated Companies gave Encouragement
 " to a broken Wit to collect a fourth Company, who for
 " sometime acted Plays in the *Hay-Market*, which
 " House the united *Drury-Lane* Comedians had quitted.
 " This enterprising Person, I say, (whom I do not chuse
 " to name, unless it could be to his Advantage, or that
 " it was of Importance) had Sense enough to know,
 " that the best of Plays with bad Actors would turn
 " but to a very poor Account, and therefore found it ne-
 " cessary to give the Publick some Pieces of an extraor-
 " dinary Kind, the Poetry of which he conceiv'd ought
 " to be so strong, that the greatest Duncce of an Actor,
 " could not spoil it. He knew too, that as he was in
 " haste to get Money, it would take up less Time to be
 " intrepidly abusive, than decently entertaining; that to
 " draw the *Mob* after him, he must rake the Chancel,
 " and pelt their Superiors; that to shew himself Some-
 " body, he must come up to *Juvenal's* Advice, and
 " stand the Consequence.

" *Aude aliquid brevibus gyaris & carcere dignum*

" *Si vis esse aliquis.* - - - Juv.

" Such then was the mettle some Modesty he set out
 " with; upon this Principle he produc'd several frank
 " and free Farces that seem'd to knock all Distinctions
 " of Mankind on the Head. Religion, Laws, Govern-
 " ment, Priests, Judges, and Ministers were all laid flat
 " at the Feet of this † *Herculean Satyr*. This
 " Drawcanfir in Wit, that spar'd neither Friend nor
 " Foe; who, to make his Fame immortal, like ano-
 " ther *Erostratus*, set Fire to his Stage by writing up
 " to an Act of Parliament to demolish it. I shall not
 " give the particular Strokes of his Ingenuity a Chance
 " to be remember'd, by reciting them; it may be
 " enough to say, in general Terms, they were so open-

* *Vide C. Cibber's Apology*, p. 164.

† This is to be taken in a double Sense, the Person struck
 at having since called himself *Hercules Vinegar*, and is the no-
 torious Author of the *Champion*.

" Is flagrant, that the Wisdom of the Legislature
 " thought it high Time to take Notice of them."

The Person of whom Mr. *Cibber* only gives the Outside Lines of his Pourtrait, is at present well known by those only : but that Posterity may know this iniquitous Son of Wit, who has fell under this heavy Censure of the Laureat for satirizing the just Measures of the present all-just, all-wise, and all-powerful Minister ; I will subscribe the Name of *H---y F---d---g*, Esq; Author of *Pasquin*, the *historical Register*, *Eurydice kiss'd*, and others of the same political Cast. To these Farces, which were allegorical Satires on the Administration, the Town run with the utmost Avidity of Defamation and Scandal : He drew the Mob after him from *Grosvenor*, *Cavendish*, *Hanover*, and all the other fashionable Squares, as also from *Pall Mall*, and the *Inns of Court* : I call them as the Apologist I quoted calls them, Mob ; for there may be your Mobs of Quality as well as Mobs of Raggimuffins ; your *Magnum vulgus & imum* --- Your great Vulgar and the small. --- Well --- These Mobs or Multitudes, or Concourse, or Audiences, call them what you will, resorted nightly to hear these Farces, and were dull enough not only to think they contain'd Wit and Humour, but Truth also. It could not but regret me to see some noble Peers and Gentlemen I had entertain'd a very good Opinion of, as to their Parts and Capacities, sitting in the Side-boxes, and seemingly delighted with the Performance ; But I have Charity enough for these Gentlemen to think they did all this more out of Party-Zeal, and to byass the Mob, than from any Conviction, there was, in those Farces, either Sense, Humour, or Truth. --- But what will not Men prostitute in a Party-Cause ! --- The Successes of these dramatic Peices made the M --- r not a little uneasy, nor could the merry droll Mortal his Brother keep his Temper ; for let some Men be as facetious as they please, and love a Laugh as much as they will, they don't like the Laugh to be always on them. I and my Father, who can bear as much laughing at, and have had as much laughing at as any two Persons in the Kingdom, not excepting the two honourable Gentlemen I just now mention'd ; yet though we carry it off in Company, it stings,

it hurts our Hearts to be the standing Objects of Rail-
lery; and I will not say, but if we could as well avenge
the Insults on us, as the M...r could against him, but
We might perform it. . . . But to the Point. From
these farcical Satires, a dainty Opportunity offer'd itself
to the great Man, not only to suppress those, but to
bring all Stages, and all Stage-writings under such a Re-
striction, that nothing should be exhibited for the future
that should give him the least Uneasiness. Here was an
admirable Proof of deep Policy and Sagacity, to make
the Satire of his Enemies be the Tools of his Interest:
A Scheme was laid to accomplish his Design, it was put
in Execution, and it succeeded.

I must here enter the Verge of private History, and by
the following Anecdote show, that I have that great
Talent of an Historian, not to dare to speak false, and
not afraid to speak Truth.

Mr. *Giffard* had remov'd about this Time from *Good-
man's Fields* to *Lincoln's-Inn Fields* House, which he
had hir'd of Mr. *Rich*; His Removal had not answer'd
his End, and his Affairs began to grow desperate. He
had never as yet given any prejudicial Offence to the
Court, yet was suppos'd not to have such Obligations to
it, as to deny, at this Juncture, the performing a Farce
which might bring him a large Sum of Money. At this
same Time, in a most vile Paper, call'd *Common Sense*,
there was a libellous Production call'd the *Golden Rump*,
which the Town and the Mob were Fools enough to
think Wit and Humour: Now as the hitting in with
the Humour of the multitudinous Mob is very advanta-
geous to a Theatre, a Dramatick Piece was wrote on
the *Golden Rump* Subject, and call'd the *Golden
Rump*, which was given Mr. *Giffard* to be perform'd;
but before it was rehears'd it so happen'd, no Matter
how or why, but so it happen'd, that Mr. *Giffard* went
to *Downing-Street* with this Satirical Farce in his
Pocket, which was delivered to a great Man for his
Perusal; and it was found to be a scurrilous, ignomi-
nious, traiterous, scandalous, &c. &c. &c. Libel a-
gainst Majesty itself. It was immediately carried to . . .
shown to . . . explain'd to . . . and remonstrated to . . .
that if there was not an immediate Act of Parliament
to

to stop such Abuses, not Regal Dignity was safe from them. --- *Actum est.* --- 'Twas done. --- The Point gain'd in a Moment, and a proper Act order'd to be got. --- Well, now, says some impatient Reader, *What of all this? What Secret is this? By what Inference or Inuendo does this show the M.....'s Policy or Finesse?* ... Prithee don't be so misty, and let me ask you a Question by Way of a Suppose. --- Suppose Sir, this same *Golden Rump* Farce was wrote by a certain great Man's own Direction, and as much Scurrility and Treason larded in it as possible. --- Suppose *Giffard* had a private Hint how to act in this Affair, and was promis'd great Things to play a particular Part in this Farce. --- Suppose he was promised a *separate Licence*, or an Equivalent: --- You may then suppose the M..... a thorough Politician, who knew to manage bad Things to the best Advantage. --- *O! but*, say you, *I will not found my Belief on Supposes* --- Truth may be supposed: Suppose this Truth and you may be right. --- If you are so tingenteel to require Proof demonstrative I have done with you, and can only refer you to the Author and Negotiators of the *Golden Rump*. --- This, however, is notoriously certain, that the Farce of the *Golden Rump* was carried to a great Man, and the Master of the Playhouse, who carried it, was promised something, which he has been some Time in a vain Expectation of, but will now, in all Probability, end in nothing at all.

But, laying aside private Anecdotes of the obtaining the late Playhouse Act, I must mention what was known to all: The Masters of the two Houses acting under the Patent made no Opposition to this Bill; they did all in their Power to promote it, because it would suppress, for the present, all Theatres but their own: They were so full of this Prospect, that they did not perceive they were at the same Time becoming absolute Dependants on a M-----; for the Bill contain'd a Clause, that the Lord Chamberlain should have a Power of licensing other Theatres, if he so thought proper, within the City and Liberties of *Westminster*. The Actors were indeed alarm'd, and imagin'd this Act would lay them under Oppressions, from which they could

could gain no proper Redress; for the constant immemorial Way of redressing Grievances, in the Government of a Theatre, is to raise a Revolt, and bring about a Revolution: But the Security of the Masters of the Playhouses, and the Alarm of the Actors were both ill-founded, as I shall, in the subsequent Narration, make appear. If the Lord Chamberlain can grant another Licence, why then should not the Actors, who may be aggrieved by the present Masters, endeavour to gain one? I only ask that Question here; I may explain it in another Place.

* Mr. C. Cibber has made a copious and florid Dissertation, as well political as theatrical, on this Law: He proves Satire on a Minister, when represented on the Stage, is stronger than any Satire can be that is read in the Closet, therefore to license the Stage could bear no Analogy with licensing the Press: He lays it down also, "that a theatrical Insult to the present Minister, is equal to the Stab *Guiscard* gave the late Lord *Oxford*:" Then adds, "Was it not as high Time to take this dangerous Weapon of mimical Insolence and Defamation out of the Hands of a mad Poet, as to wrest the Knife from the lifted Hand of a Murderer?" --- In short, the *Laureat* has shewn himself a profound Politician, by becoming a *voluntary Champion* for that Law: He says, he writes on this Subject to shew the *true Pourtrait of his Mind*, and to shew how far he is or is not a *Blockhead*: Perhaps this was not the only Motive; if he had another Design than merely to give his *shallow Reasons a little Exercise*, and if it should succeed, the World must admire at the Depth of his Speculations. I shall illustrate this Remark when I come to descant on some Transactions of a very late Date, thinking it now Time to return to that Part of my History from whence I digress'd.

By the Release of *Harper*, we gain'd a compleat Conquest over the *Pattentees*; they indeed carried on the Campaign, but with such Losses and Disadvantage, that Mr. *Higmore*, the chief Sharer and Director, be-

* *Vide C. Cibber's Apology*, p. 165.

gan to think it the most prudent Method to make the best Retreat he could: Upon my Soul, though as an Enemy in the Field I could not be displeas'd with his Distress; yet, as he paid so many thousand Pounds to my Father, my honest Heart could not but feel for his being plung'd in an Affair he knew nothing of. I cannot blame my Father for so advantageously selling out; and, was my hereditary Claim laid aside, he acted prudently, and consequently honestly. But let that go: He made me some amends by giving *Highmore* no assisting Advice how to conduct his Theatre, which, if he had, must have greatly injured us; for no one knows that Province but myself and him. The new Purchaser therefore being left to himself, and his Prime Minister Mr. *E-l-l-s*, Singers, Dancers, Tumblers, and other exotic Performers were hir'd at extraordinary Rates. This was but of very little Service, and the Posture of his Affairs grew daily into a worse and worse Situation.

I cannot but here observe to the Reader how different our Conduct was at the *Hay-market*: I must ingenuously confess, though we kept our simple Heads above Water, we had got out of our Depth; for after our first Run of Novelty and Interest was over, our Audiences grew thin, which Deficiency we supplied by Orders of our own; for in the Theatres, as in Shops, the Appearance of Business brings Customers. Nevertheless, we found large Deficiencies in the Office; and by the Accounts in our Books we had contracted a very considerable Debt; yet we conceal'd the State of our Case as much as possible, resolving to beat our Antagonists out of the Field, and by such a Conquest set every Thing right. If the Patentees at *Drury-Lane* had either known our Condition, or had Prudence and Courage enough to bear with theirs own for another Season, I know not what the Consequences might have been: I may say it now, I believe we should have been forc'd to a Cessation of Arms, and capitulated on the best Terms we could have got.

Mr. *Rich* had either gain'd better Intelligence of the State of our Affairs, or from the State of those at *Drury-Lane*, had found the Patentees were heartily
tir'd

tir'd of their expensive instead of lucrative Offices: From one of these Reasons, or both, he had formed a Scheme, which, had it been carried into Execution, must have proved very gainful to the Patentees, and very agreeable to the Town, as it would have given them the best Plays, play'd by the best Performers in *England*: But as well concerted as it was for these Intentions, it was destructive of the natural and legal Liberty of the Actors: They would have become mere Servants to two co-join'd Patentees; nor could have had, on any Disgust or Affront, any Power to revolt. The Scheme was for to have *Drury-Lane* Patent purchased of the Patentees who were tired of it, at a cheap Rate, and then the Patentees of *Covent-Garden* and *Drury-Lane* to enter into a joint Partnership, and engage the best Actors, who should act occasionally at both Houses, performing always a Comedy at one House and a Tragedy at the other. There were several other Conditions which would have prov'd beneficial to the Masters, which are needless to enumerate.

This Plan, though it has been long thought a new Finesse in theatric Policy, yet *Cibber's Apology* shows it is an old Stage-Cunning, practis'd, in some Measure, by Mr. *R--b's* Father, and Mr. *Owen Swinney*. This Design, however, could not be carried into Execution by Mr. *R--b* alone: There was wanting the *Primum Mobile*, the *Sine qua non*; the Purchase Money: On this Occasion he apply'd to Mr. *Fl--t---d*, who was his Friend, and propos'd *his* purchasing the Patent, and to enter into a Sort of Partnership: This Proposal was set in so advantageous a Light, and such fair Hopes offer'd themselves, that Mr. *Fl--t---d* came into this Scheme, and purchased the Patent of Mr. *Highmore* and the other *Patentees*. On this Turn in Affairs, We at the *Hay-market* were under a most terrible Consternation; we look'd on ourselves as Persons who were never to enjoy that Liberty we had so strenuously endeavour'd to obtain: For this Conjunction of the Patentee Masters must have compell'd us to have returned under their Management, our Affairs being in a very sad Posture, and daily growing worse: But, very happily for us, a Breach happen'd between Mr. *R--b* and Mr. *Fl--t---d* at

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a Time we could have least suspected it, and that gave us all we wanted, an Opportunity to make the best Terms with the latter, get rid of our Stock-Debt, and return to *Drury-Lane*: I shall not enter into the Reasons for this Breach of Friendship between the two Masters, as that Affair has been so differently represented; but Mr. *R--b* has been chiefly censured as having drawn a Gentleman into an Affair, which he would not otherwise have thought to have embarked in, and then leaving him to conduct his new Undertaking as he might: But let their Quarrel be what it would, it was advantageous to us; for Mr. *Fl--t---d* being work'd into the highest Resentment, was resolv'd to make up the best Company, and to hurt *R--b* by getting from him his chief Actors, and most necessary People: Mr. *Quin* was soon gained, but on such Terms as no hired Actor had before received. At the same Time Mr. *Fl--t---d* had entered into a Treaty with us at the *Hay-marker*, and agreed to allow all the managing Actors two hundred Pounds a Year each, and to some a clear Benefit, and to others a Benefit at a lower Rate than usual. As in all the Transactions of that Affair I was *Treaty-Master General*, and negotiated that important Peace with the Patentee, it may be expected I should enter into a long detail on that Subject. My Conduct in this Respect may be somewhat singular, but I can give some Reasons as an Apology for it: As this will be entering on a new Scene, I will halt a little as well to give my Reader a little Relief as myself; for I don't know how it is, but I begin to perceive myself somewhat dull, and perhaps some People may have perceiv'd it a great while ago. It then, *Sir Reader*, your Patience and good Nature are worn out, fling down the Book, that you may, when you think proper, begin the next Chapter with a better Temper, and a Spirit more alert and lively, --- and all that.



C H A P. VIII.

Of the Nature of writing Apologies: The Author's Proof against Scandal. — His Negotiations and those of H——o W——e compared. — His Conduct and the Duke of A——le's parallel'd. — Obligations received are no Reason for Gratitude. — The Company fixed at Drury-Lane: Some Remarks on it, and a Digression.

WELL, courteous Reader, you venture then to travel on, maugre all the Things I can say to my own Dispraise: If I, like my Father, tell you, about every sixth Page, I am a Blockhead or a Coxcomb, yet you still away with my Nonsense; and as my Vanity is not quite jaded, you read on in Hopes to meet with some fresh Instances of it. But perhaps those who may peruse this *Apology* for my *Life* may expect that I would enter into some very illustrious and renowned Acts of my private Conduct which have been very publicly talked of: To such Personages I shall answer, they are not to imagine a Man would set down in cool Blood and write the Devil of a Satire against *himself*: That would be dainty apologizing indeed: No; the Thing is to say nothing harsh against your own dear Self, but as many severe Things and Reflections as possible against other People. Mr. Colley Cibber, whose apologetical Talents are admirable, has shewn this Species of writing in *Perfection*: A great many People, on the Publication of his *Apology*, cry'd, *An Apology for the Life of Colley Cibber!* Well, now we shall see what he can say in *Regard to this, and that, and t'other* --- Things which related to *Gaming, or Gallantry, or a thousand Things*

not so very proper to be mentioned : But they were all out ; not a Syllable of his private Character ; not a Word for excusing, palliating, or defending little foolish Acts which merely related to Religion or Morality. I can guess what may be expected from me ; what Defence of particular Conduct I may make ; but I shall relate only such Things as may show my Parts, my theatrical Character, and, in short, what I think proper, not what every impertinent Person may want to know : Nor is this so unfair a Proceeding as some may imagine : No Man can be obliged to accuse himself : I write to put a Gloss upon my Acts and Deeds, not place them in the most odious Light, and erect myself in an historical Pillory. It would also be an endless Work to vindicate all the simple Accusations which have been brought against me, and which no Persons have any Business to trouble their Heads about. Should Men say, for Instance, I used my first dear and well-beloved Wife, of ever blessed Memory, *J--n--y C----*, with ill Usage : Should they affirm, that when her all pale and breathless Corps was in the Coffin laid, and I, with Sobs and Tears and interjected Sighs, had moaned to many a Witness, my too unhappy Fate, yet that same Night had a Brace of *Drurian* Doxies vile in the same House. -- Again, should base Defamation whisper in my Ear I sold and barter'd away my present most virtuous Spouse, and that I was a voluntary Cuckold on Record : Should Scandal with her hundred-tongu'd curs'd Mouth, rumour it up and down, that neither *common Honour* nor *common Honesty* were lodg'd within the Centre of my Soul. -- Should even all this be said, calm and unruffled would I condemn it all, and look on such Reports in the cool Light of mild Philosophy. There are indeed a Set of People who will be Busy-Bodies : To such I would answer very pithily, sometimes, *What is that to ME*, sometimes, *What is that to you*. To illustrate what a Propriety there is in curbing such Kind of Impertinence by a *Laconic* Sentence, I will tell you a short Story.

A great Lawyer, who now makes one of the most illustrious Figures in *Westminster-Hall*, was as remarkable for his Amours as his Pleadings : What was his
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his Gallantry to any Body? Yet was he often censured and made the Object of Wit for this Foible. It happen'd his *Lady*, his *Chambermaid*, and *Cousin* all lay-in at the same Time: A Friend of his took an Occasion to speak to him on this Subject by Way of Raillery, in this Manner: They say, my L--d, your *Lady* is brought to Bed. -- *She is so.* -- They say your *Cousin* and *Chambermaid* are also brought to Bed. -- *What's that to me.* -- But they say you are the Father. -- *What's that to you.* -- Upon which, turning on his Heel, my L--d left Mr. *Impertinent* with a proper Indignation. -- *What's that to You*, is the sole Answer I shall give to any defamatory Scurrility, and if any Person is not satisfied with such a Reply, he may get a more satisfactory one if he knows how. -- After this Observation it may be proper to resume my theatrical Story, which I left off at the Treaty with Mr. *Fl--t--d*, to return to *Drury-Lane* House, and act under his Patent.

As I had been the chief Person in raising our theatrical *Revolt*, and being of a daring pushing Temper, I was resolved to have the principal Share in the *Restoration* of the Company to *Drury-Lane*: I accordingly got myself nominated as *Plenipo*, and began my Negotiations with Mr. *Fl--t--d*: How happy I was in my Negotiations the Event proved; and as I had to deal with a Person of Honour and Generosity, I manag'd the Conduct of the whole Affair in such a Manner as to make it turn out to *myself*. In short, I got a good round Sum of Money out of him; for why should I *negociate* and *negociate* and get nothing myself. Some People may smile to see me, on this Occasion, compare myself to another great *Negotiator*, and wonder how I and *H---ce W-----* can have any Analogy. But pray do you think that he for so many Years has run from *Court* to *Court*; now at the *Hague*, now at *Paris*; negotiating here and negotiating there, and all for a Joke only? Would any Man do this without the pleasing Recordation of *Place* and *Pension*? In Truth my Friend *H---*, as well as myself, was a little mov'd by Self Interest: Besides, our Negotiations have been some what alike; for mine, in fact, was a patch'd up Affair, and I did not so much consult the Interest of my Master, as

to serve a Turn for that Time : I botched up a Peace, but I knew it would not last many Years : If there is any Pre-eminence in our Talents, I hope I shall not seem immodest, when I frankly own I think the Ballance turns in my Favour ; for I am now more for War than Peace.

“ * Thus we see, as Mr. *Cibber* truly observes, let the Degrees and Ranks of Men be ever so unequal, Nature throws out their Passions from the same Motives ; 'tis not the Eminence or Lowliness of either that makes us the Difference. If this familiar Stile of talking should, in the Nostrils of Gravity and Wisdom, smell a little too much of the Presumptuous or the Pragmatical, I will at least descend lower in my Apology for it, by calling to my Assistance the old humble Proverb, *viz. 'Tis an ill Bird that, &c.* Why then should I debase my Profession by setting it in vulgar Lights, when I may show it to more favourable Advantages ? Or why, indeed, may I not suppose that a sensible Reader will rather laugh than look grave at the Pomp of my Parallels.”

When I had concluded this Treaty with Mr. *Fl---t---d*, so advantageous for the Company, and more particularly in a private Manner to myself, we remov'd Bag and Bagage from the *Hay-Market* and return'd to our old Camp at *Drury-Lane* : Our Government was then thought to be fixed in a peaceable Manner ; every Thing went on with great Success, and I took Care to be so much in the Master's Favour, that in the Direction of the Theatre I was a kind of Prime Minister : I say a kind of Prime Minister, for even then there was another Person shared amply in his Confidence, and by whom he was chiefly advised. When I found out this, I was not a little nettled ; a Jealousy raised various Sentiments in my Breast ; for, like *Pompey* the Great, my Soul disdain'd the Thought of an Equal. Glory and Power are the darling Passions of my Heart ; and not to enjoy either of them was, to so jealous an Ambition, a meer Shade to my Laurels. My Competitor

* *Cibber's Apology* p. 326.

was the Person who had been concern'd for Mrs. *Wilks*, and who thought himself to have an admirable Talent for theatric Affairs. This Talent was to compose *Pantomimes*, furbish up old Tricks, and make what he call'd Entertainments: As a Specimen of what Notion he had of the Dignity of the Stage, I must observe, that his Genius turn'd to the monstrous and the marvellous; for which Reason nothing could be brought to Town to be exhibited to the Vulgar, but he was for having it exhibited on the Stage: There was a Fellow of an enormous Height came from *Germany* to be shewn for a Sight, call'd *Mynbeer Cajanus*: Such a Spectacle, proper enough for a *Smithfield* or *Moorfields* Booth, was thought a proper Personage to grace the Theatre Royal. Accordingly Negotiations were begun; but to my Honour be it spoke, I had no Concern in them: I was kept out of the Secret, nor was I much affected that I was so. I and his Grace the Duke of *A—le*, in this Respect, may be said to have the same Notion of Things: His late Speech on the State of the Nation shows that he was out of the Secret, in Regard to the Conduct of Affairs, and, as he thinks them wrong, was proud that none of them could be laid to his Charge: though I and that illustrious Person differ in other Sentiments in Regard to the present Ministry, yet I am proud that in this Point he agrees with me. — But to the History: *Mynbeer* soon agreed to some very advantageous Terms proposed to him; was with all Secrecy convey'd into *Drury-Lane* Theatre, and was soon shown arising from a Trap-Door, to the no small Admiration of the Spectators, and the no small Joy of my Co-Rival. Nothing could give me and my Brethren, both of the Buskin and the Sock, who had any Regard for that School of Honour and Virtue, the Stage, more secret Indignation than to see it prostituted in so ignominious a Manner: And what still added to our Resentment was the consummate Folly of the Town, who crouded to the House a great Number of Nights to see the *Tall Man*. But I had yet other Reasons to be no Friend to this *Tall Man*. It regretted my Soul, frequently and oft, when on Buskins a Foot and a half high I was to personate a great Heroe, and had my wavy Plume high o'er my

Brow, Nod ever and anon with tragic Grace; yet was I thought diminutively great, and rais'd the Audience to a mock Laugh, while he — that *Orion*, that *Polephemus* of a Man, with an Inanity of Voice and Gesture, excited Wonder and Applause.

— *Pudet hæc opprobria Nobis
Et dici potuisse & non potuisse refelli.*

After this *tall Man* was gone, we had a *tall Woman*, and after that *Sadler's Wells Tumbling*. It is true, this pleas'd the Mob, and brought Money, nor was this Custom new. Did not the late Mr. *R--b* act in the same Manner by this Humour: “* In this Notion, says Mr. *Cibber*, he kept no Medium, for in my Memory he carried it so far, that he was some Years before this Time, actually dealing for an extraordinary large Elephant, at a certain Sum, for every Day he might think fit to show the tractable Creature's Genius of that vast quiet Creature, in any Play or Farce in the Theatre (then standing) in *Dorset Garden*: But from the Jealousy so formidable a Rival had rais'd in the Dancers, and by his Bricklayer's assuring him, that if the Walls were open'd wide enough for his Enterance, it might endanger the Fall of the House, he gave up his Project: But at the same Time of being under this Disappointment, he put in Practice another Project of as new, though not of so bold a Nature, which was introducing a Set of Rope Dancers into the same Theatre; for the first Day of whose Performance he had given out some Play in which I had a material Part: But I was hardy enough to go into the Pit and acquaint the Spectators near me, that I hop'd they would not think it a Disrespect to them if I declin'd acting upon any Stage that was brought to so low a Disgrace as ours was like to be by that Day's Entertainment. My Excuse was so well taken that I never after found any ill Consequences, or heard the least Disapprobation of it: And the whole Body of Actors protesting against

* *C. Cibber's Apology*, p. 195.

“ such

"such an Abuse of their Profession, our cautious Master was too much intimidated to repeat it."

Now I was not hardy enough to make any publick Remonstrances on this Occasion; for I had a Point to carry, which was to fix my Wife's Character as an Actress, whose first Performance was to be closed with these *Sadler's Wells Tumblers*: On this Account it was my Business to be as well with the Master as possible; and, though I from my Soul abhor'd such Measures, yet no one was more bustling and commendatory in the Design than myself: By this I not only show'd an Attachment to his Interest, but kept myself on good Terms with the other Minister: But had I thought it would have been any *Gain* to me, to have distress'd the Master by making any Remonstrances, my Father's *Hardiness* should not have come up to mine; for I would not have gone sneaking into the Pit in huggemugger: Not I truly; But bounce upon the Stage, with blustering Mood, have stalk'd and made a Speech, which, with pathetick Air in Words and Action, had represented our Disasters dire; and though they had hiss'd again and yet again, I'd have stood 'em all till they had heard me out. --- On this ingenuous Confession of how I did act or how I would have acted, some may say, *Are these Principles honourable? Is not this servile Flattery, and that scandalous Injustice? --- Are not Favours received strong Obligations for Gratitude? ---* Well, Sir Casuist, what of all this? Honour and Gratitude, and *this* and *that* and *other* are quite different Things, according to the receiv'd Notions of different Places; for what is dishonourable and immoral in England, may be thought quite otherwise among the *Hottentots*: A Man in London may be thought odd if he offers his Wife for his Friend's Service, yet it is well known several Nations of Negroes practise it even to Strangers. If *Morality* is local, as I have fully prov'd, I have prov'd also there may be much Difference between theatrical Honour and common Honour: Now my Notion of theatrical Honour is to act only for your own Convenience, and you can do no Injustice if you serve yourself. If I should now be pertly ask'd, --- What THE, where are thy Morals? Hast thou no Conscience? Yes, I have, but what

what then? That I have embrac'd the Philosophy of Mr. *Colley Cibber*, I told the Reader in a prior Chapter; and what does that great and good Man say in his three hundredth Page, - - - "I did it against my *Conscience*; and had not Virtue to starve by opposing a Multitude that would have been too hard for me. - - - Had *Harry the Fourth* of France a better Excuse for changing his Religion? I was still in my Heart on the Side of *Truth* and *Sense*, but I had their Leave to quit them when they could not support me; for what Equivallent could I have found for my falling a Martyr to them." - - - O most admirable Doctrine! The Plea of *Convenience* is a full Answer for a Breach of *Conscience*. - - - Is not this a Doctrine that *Machiavel* himself might have boasted? Having here observ'd on what Maxims I and my Father act, some of our late Conduct, which shall be consider'd in a subsequent Chapter, may now be easily accounted for. Though our Notions may be exploded by some, Mr. *Colley Cibber* has, among Mankind, more Disciples than Mr. *George Whirfield*; and this I am sure of, their Zeal is stronger, as there are many who die *Martyrs* to his Doctrine every *Sessions* at the *Old-Bailey*, having liv'd in a full Faith, that to do what they think *convenient*, is to do *right*.

There is a private Anecdote of my Life, which is a Proof how early I imbib'd this convenient Opinion; I have indeed often related it to my theatrical Acquaintance with much Glee of Heart, and boastful Satisfaction; but as I would be by this Apology, *Toto notus in orbe Theophilus*, I cannot resist the Temptation of inserting it in these my Memoirs. You must know, Reader, that even by the Time I had reach'd my eighth Year, my Papa said I was a sad *young Dog*, and upon some Prank I had play'd, I was in some Disgrace: It happen'd I went into his Chamber, to endeavour a Reconciliation one Morning; and as he had gone to Bed in his Cups over Night, he had, I suppos'd, drop'd a couple of Guineas out of his Breeches; be that how it will, I saw the two pretty sparkling Rogues lie at the Edge of the Carpet, by his Bed-side: What does I, but Slap runs to the happy Spot, fell on my Knees, and, like a good and dutiful Child, cried out, in a devout
 Tone,

Tone, Pray, Father, bless me, and pray to G--d to bless me, and make me his true and faithful Servant for ever and ever, Amen. --- He, surpris'd at such a sudden Strain of filial Duty, (for I don't believe I ever ask'd him Blessing twice before in my whole Life) stroak'd me down the Head, and bid me rise, by which Time I had, by Slight of Hand, touch'd the Spankers, and convey'd them snug into my Pocket; --- and he will never have heard of them since, till he reads this *Apology* for such an Action; that, as I thought they would be a *Convenience* to me, my *Conscience* was not too dainty to take them. --- *E minimis majora.* ---

All this Harangue on my Philosophy is necessary, though it may seem odd to many Readers, because it is an *apologetical* Defence for every Action of my Life at once: I may indeed illustrate it by more Instances in the Sequel of my Story, but shall now return where this Digression began. --- The Company went on under Mr. F---d with very great Success, equal to the greatest under *Cibber*, *Wilks*, and *Booth*: As for me, I was occasionally more or less in his Favour and Interest as it suited my own Convenience; for he show'd me many Instances of his Readiness to serve me, and was on all Occasions prompt and ready to do Acts of *Friendship* and good Nature. The Stage was then as well rul'd by my *Assistance*, as a Gentleman not brought up to it, cou'd rule it; yet as it was my Opinion, and several other Players, that no Gentleman is proper for the Master of a Theatre, we were not absolutely contented, and we did not want for *Grumbletonians* in a *theatric Government*. We knew indeed that our Master had redeem'd us from a thousand Inconveniencies we had labour'd under, gave us our own Terms, but yet we did not look upon him with an equal Eye, and thought that Actors were the only proper and fit Persons to rule over Actors, and receive all the Profits of a Theatre. These, I say, were Maxims that the chiefest Actors embrac'd, and inculcated into others, as the fundamental Rights of our Constitution: On this the Company became uneasy, and form'd themselves into little Factions, and Cabals, but which could not then have been attended with any ill Consequences to the Patentee. But these little Murmurings

ings were greatly heighten'd by the following Event, On the late Act for licensing the Number of Stages taking Place, Mr. *Giffard's* Company acting then at *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, to whom Mr. *Rich* had let it, were oblig'd to break up, and provide for themselves in the acting Companies as well as they could : Mr. *F---d* on this Occasion took several into *Drury-Lane*, and to make Way for them, dismiss'd several, who had long been appertaining to that Theatre. Mrs. *Giffard* and Mr. *Giffard* were themselves likewise afterwards engag'd. This gave new Uneasiness to the old Stock, for we look'd on them in a contemptible Light ; and when the Season came on, and Parts were cast to these *exotic* Actors, still more and more murmuring Taunts and Jealousies arose. The Master favour'd several of these additional Recruits in a particular Manner, and seem'd to make them his Confidants and Favourites. This still made more Faction in our State, till at last it was divided into two Parties, the *Riff-Raffs*, and the *Scabs*. The first were the Master's Party, the latter *mine* ; his were as the present Courtiers, and mine as the *Patriots*. The Titles may seem coarse to the Ears of Delicacy, but why not as good and significant as the present Names of Distinction in *Sweden*, the *Hats* and the *Night-Caps*, or indeed as our own *Whig* and *Tory*. Another notable Mark of Distinction was, the Master's Party instituted a famous Club of *Riff-Raffs*, call'd the *Ox-Cheek-Club* ; and this was erected on the Ruins of a Club, which the old *Drury-Lane* Company had formerly erected. These Party-Divisions are in a theatrical Government as prejudicial to the publick Good, as in a political one. The Business of the Stage was not follow'd with that Spirit and Alacrity as when Unanimity reigns in the Hearts of the People. I did, I frankly confess, what a theatrical Patriot should do, foment all the Discord, raise all the Jealousies, in order, at a proper Time and Season, to raise a Rebellion, and bring about a new Revolution ; and these Sentiments of *Patriotism* have been since very serviceable to me in another Respect, for in my *political Essays*, which I had the Honour to write in Defence of the *present Administration*, I have charg'd all these Maxims home upon the Gentlemen in
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the Country-Party, for my Father has prov'd the Rules for the *Stage* and *State* are the same in Parallel, so also must be those of *Patriotism*. About this Time also I found the Wings of my Power clip'd in Relation of pre-fiding over Rehearsals, and brought on one Morning a round Quarrel between *Q---n* and *Me*; for I had long look'd on him as a proud imperious Blockhead, and he on me as a vain impertinent Coxcomb; and perhaps we might both be somewhat right in our Conjectures. In this Contest I valued nothing so much as his Contempt of *Me*; for on my smart cutting Repartees on him, he cry'd, with a *Laugh*, *Quarrelling with such a Fellow, is like sh--t--g on a T--d*, walking off as cool as a Cucumber. --- And that was the Sire of the Rencontre we afterwards had at the *Bedford Coffee-House*. All these Affairs happening, and my Trial not turning out to my Favour, my Soul became chagrin'd both with the Place and my Master: I was therefore resolved to leave that Stage, and for such Reasons as you will meet with in the Sequel of my Story. Therefore as soon as my Benefit was over, I determin'd, according to an old Practice I had got, of being of no more Service to the Master that Season, to appear no more that Year, and indeed no more at all, while he was concern'd there. --- Retiring therefore from *Covent-Garden* into the more agreeable and convenient Air of *Charing-Cross*, I flung off the *Comedian*, and commenc'd *Politician*; but as by entering on that Subject, I shall begin a new Farce, it would be more proper to let the Curtain of this Chapter drop here.



C H A P. IX.

The Author steps out of his Way: Turns M-n-str--l Writer. — The Reasons why. Some chimerical Thoughts of making the Stage useful.

“  Quiet Time in History, says Mr. Colley Cibber, like a Calm in a Voyage, leaves us but in an indolent Station: To talk of our Affairs when they were no longer ruffled by Misfortunes, would be a Picture without a Shade, a flat Performance at best.” This is his *Apology* for the Relation of his *stepping out of the Way*, and turning Pleader at the Bar; nor can I make any better for telling how I became a *M-----al Writer*. The Affairs at *Drury-Lane* went on too successful for me to carry some Views I had into immediate Execution, therefore I thought it would be best to pave my Way to my Project by engaging the Favours of the *Minister*, and becoming his Advocate in Print. In this I thought to kill two Birds with one Stone, as I could at the same Time take an Opportunity of revenging myself to the full on Mr. *Fl---d*, by *satirizing* him, not only as to his *theatrical Affairs*, but with Regard to his *private Oeconomy*. Accordingly I went to work and wrote a Pamphlet call'd the *Country Correspondent*, in which I have shewn a Specimen of my moral, theatrical, political, and gallant Character. Some People immediately knew the Author, for *we* great Authors are soon found out let us take what Care we will to conceal ourselves. If I, or Mr. *Pope*, or my *Father* were to write any Thing without setting our Names to it, we should be discover'd in six Lines reading; the *Style*, the *Manner*, the *Thoughts* would all glare out Perfection, and the inimitable

table *Ja ne ſcai* quoy would diſtinguiſh the Author. On my publiſhing the *Country Correoſpondent*, and being known for its *Sire*, many were the Criticiſms upon it: Some called me a *Coxcomb* for writing ſo much upon *myſelf*: Some called me a *baſe impudent Fellow* for publiſhing ſuch Inveſtives againſt Mr. *Fl--t---d*, who had been my *Friend*: Others tell foul on me becauſe I had openly, boldly, and ſtrenuouſly eſpouſed the Cauſe of the *Miniſter*. As for being called a *Coxcomb*, I had been ſo long uſ'd to it that it ſeem'd as natural to me as my own Name; nor did the Accuſations againſt me for libelling Mr. *Fl--t---d* give me any Pain: They who had odd Notions of *Honour* and *Honeſty* ſaid that I was an ungrateful Rascal, and this and that and t'other; but they might as well have ſung *Pſalms* to a Cow, for my *Philophy* could away with it. What I did was conveniently neceſſary, and if from being an obliged Friend I became a mortal Enemy, what more is it than what frequently happens among *Ministers of State* and *Rulers of Empires*. *Auguſtus* and *Antony* had their fierce Conteſt for the World; and what was the Cauſe of the Quarrel between Sir *R----t W-----e* and Mr. *P-----y*, but Ambition in the one, and a Diſregard of his Claims in the other. In all theatrical as well as political Diviſions, to ſucceed in your Deſign you muſt go through *thick* and *thin*; the Sword of *Deſiance* is drawn, and the Scabard muſt be thrown away: Every one who has read *Machiavel* knows theſe Tenets are juſtifiable: therefore whatever *Falſhood*, *Scandal*, *Infamy*, and *Ingratitude* my *Country Correoſpondent* might have contain'd againſt Mr. *Fl--t---d*, yet it being conſiſtent with my *private Views*, no one who knows Men and Things can blame me; for I ſhall explain myſelf by giving ſome Reaſons which were then in Embrio, why I ſo acted. I had determined to be as well with the *M---ſt---y* as poſſible, and to merit ſomething from them, I undertook firſt to be a Kind of an *Informer* of what they call'd theatrical Secrets. Our Maſter had publicly eſpouſ'd the Party in Oppoſition to the *M---ſt---r*, and was firmly attach'd to the Intereſt of the *P-----* of *W----*: This Conduct I heard was reſented by the *M---ſt---r*, with whom he had once been on very good Terms: I thought therefore

therefore any private Intelligence against the Master, if I could possibly make it a *political* Concern, would be an Introduction to his Favour, and assist my future Scheme. An Incident happen'd as favourable as I could wish: A certain *Irish Author* was writing a *Tragedy*, which was, by his Friends, who were reckon'd the tiptop Criticks in Town, said to be a Performance of such extraordinary Merit, that no *Tragedy* since *Shakespear's* Time could equal it, either for the *Sublimity* of the *Ideas*, the *Dignity* of the *Stile*, the *Nobleness* of the *Subject*, and the *Conduct* of the *Scene*: That it was wrote in the Defence of *Freedom*, and had such Speeches that at that *Crisis* of Time it would run as long as *Cato* had at another particular *Crisis*. This dainty *Tragedy* was the much nois'd, much subscrib'd for *GUSTAVUS VASA*, written by HENRY BROOKE, Esq; The Master had great Expectations from it; and though it had been often read in private Company before it was brought to the House; yet I knew little of it till then, as I was look'd upon as a Malecontent to the Master, and consequently out of the Secrets of the Ministry. But as soon as it had been read in the Green-Room, and the Parts deliver'd out to the Actors, and I was acquainted perfectly with the Play, I was determin'd I would take such Measures that it should not be acted; which would shew to the Minister what Zeal I had for his Service, and at the same Time, indulge that Spirit of Revenge which I had against the Master. Now what does I, but represented to Mr. --- no Matter for his Name --- but it was the proper Person to make such an *Information* to, that this same *Tragedy* of *Gustavus Vasa* was a scandalous Libel against the Government, and some Lines in the Praise of Liberty were so introduc'd as to make strong *Inuendoes* that the Liberty of *England* was in Danger: This I represented with such a Vehemence of Words and Action, that it gain'd Credit, and before it was ready to be perform'd, it was prohibited by my *Lord Chamberlain*. The Prohibition open'd the Mouths and Hearts of the Admirers of this *Tragedy*, and they talk'd roundly about the Injustice and Oppression the Author and the Master of the Playhouse met with, which they attributed to the Fear the Ministry

Ministry had of its being perform'd on the Stage. Now to give my own impartial Thoughts on this Affair, I avow that I believe there was no Harm in the Play, nor do I think it would have met with that great Success as was expected from it; for on the Publication it was not judg'd near equal to the Character that had been given it. However I cannot but make this Observation, that from the Action on the Stage, and the Assistance of the Scenes and Actors, it might have received such additional Strength, that it might, by the further Aid of a Party, have had a Run of ten Nights. And here I must observe again, that it was with great Policy and Prudence, that the Minister obtain'd the *Licensing Act*, for though the *Liberty* of the *Press* allows a refus'd Play to be printed, yet the Reading of it in the Closet will not convey an adequate Idea to the Representation on a Theatre: Mr. Colley Cibber, who is a most strenuous *Champion* for the *Licensing Act*, has fully consider'd this Difference between a Performance *printed* only, and when it is acted. - - - Thus he argues * - - - " It was " said that this Restraint upon the Stage would not remedy the Evil complain'd of: That a Play refus'd to " be licens'd would still be printed with double Advantage, when it should be insinuated that it was refus'd " for some Strokes of Wit, and would be more likely " then to have its Effect among the People: However " natural this Consequence may seem, I doubt it will be " very difficult to give a *printed* Satire, or Libel, half the " Force or Credit of an *acted* one. The most artful or " notorious Lye, or strain'd Allusion that ever slander'd " a great Man, may be read by some People with a " Smile of Contempt, or at worst it can but impose on " one Person at once. But when the Words of the " same plausible Stuff shall be repeated on a Theatre, " the Wit of it among a Crowd of Hearers is liable to be " overvalued, and may unite and warm a whole Body of " the Malicious and Ignorant into a Plaudit: Nay, the, " partial Claps of only twenty ill-minded Persons " among several hundred of silent Hearers, shall, and

* C. Cibber's Apology, p. 169.

“ often have been mistaken for a general Approbation,
 “ and frequently draw into their Party the Indifferent
 “ or the Inapprehensive, who rather than not be
 “ thought to understand the Conceit, will laugh with
 “ the Laughers, and join in the Triumph! But alas!
 “ the quiet Reader of the same ingenious Matter, can
 “ only like for *himself*, and the Poison has a much slower
 “ Operation upon the Body of a People, when it is so
 “ retail’d out, than when told to a full Audience by
 “ Wholesale: The single Reader too may happen to
 “ be a sensible, unprejudic’d Person, and then the merry
 “ Dose, meeting with the Antidote of a sound Judg-
 “ ment, perhaps may have no Operation at all: With
 “ such a one the Wit of the most ingenious Satire will
 “ only, by its intrinsic Truth or Value, gain upon his Ap-
 “ probation, or, if it be worth an Answer, a printed
 “ Falshood may positively be confounded by printed
 “ Proofs against it. But against Contempt and Scandal
 “ heighten’d by the Skill of an Actor, ludicrously in-
 “ fusing it into a Multitude, there is no immediate De-
 “ fence to be made, or equal Reparation to be had, for
 “ it would be but a poor Satisfaction at last, after lying
 “ long patient under the Injury that Time only is to
 “ shew which would probably be the Case, that the
 “ Author of it was a desperate Indigent, that did it for
 “ Bread: How much less dangerous and offensive then,
 “ is the *written* than the acted Scandal? The Impression
 “ the Comedian gives it, is a Kind of double Stamp in
 “ the Poet’s Paper, that raises it ten Times to the in-
 “ trinsic Value.

“ Upon the whole; if the Stage ought ever to have
 “ been reform’d; if to place a Power somewhere of
 “ restraining its Immoralities was not inconsistent with
 “ the Liberties of a civiliz’d People, (neither of which
 “ any moral Man of Sense can dispute) might it not
 “ have shewn a Spirit too poorly prejudic’d to have re-
 “ jected so rational a Law, only because the Honour
 “ and Office of a Minister might happen, in some small
 “ Measure, to be protected by it.”

I must annotate, that all that is said here in Refe-
 rence to comic Satire, and the Comedian, is, *vice versa*,
 equally applicable to the Tragedy and Tragedian: For
 when

when a mad brain'd tragic Author has stream'd into a Patriotic Stile, pompously rolling into vilifying Periods, signifying roundly nothing, but Invectives against a Minister, the pompous Buskins and Plumes of Tragedy, together with the Aspect and Elocution of the Tragedian, so speak and play with the Imagination, that they deceive the Judgment, and win over many Spectators who might have thought them scandalous Bombast, had they been read soberly in the Closet. This, as I observ'd, was the Fate of *Gustavus Vasa*, Esq; for after the Prohibition, the Author publish'd Advertisements for a Subscription, and in those Advertisements made his Cause the Cause of the Publick, insinuating it was refus'd for some Strokes of Liberty, which were disagreeable to People in Power: This indeed answer'd his Ends in point of Profit, for being the first Play refus'd since the Commencement of the Act, People's Curiosity were rais'd not only by wanting to see the prohibited Play, out of political Reasons, but because it was said by common Rumour to be a most excellent Tragedy: The Profit of the Subscription was equal to what his most sanguine Hopes might have promis'd him from the Stage. As this may be the most proper Place for it, I must insert another Remark on refus'd Plays. After this Success of the Subscription of *Gustavus Vasa*, all the tragic Bards who were under the Influence of Mr. *L-tt-t-n*, Prime Minister at *N-rf-k* House, threw into bombast Scenes all the Patriot-Liberty Flights their own little Geniuses could suggest, or their Patron and Court of Assistants could multer up: Some indeed lay they did not, on this Occasion, insert any Thing new, but that they had all from the first, wrote according to their Instructions, and had fill'd their Scenes with the worn-out, unfashionable Notions of Liberty and publick Spirit: The next refus'd Plays were the *Edward* and *Eleonara*, of Mr. *Thompson* at *Covent-Garden*, and a Tragedy wrote by Mr. *Pattison* at *Drury-Lane*, both of which were publish'd by Subscription, and advertis'd that they sell the Martyrs to Freedom, publick Spirit, and the Devil and all: But, as the homely Proverb says, Enough is as good as a Feast: The Publick had been cram'd by Esq; *Gustavus* to Satiety; and Satiety,

from a natural Effect it has on the Generality of Stomachs of Mankind, will not allow an Avidity for more; for, as Mr. Colley Cibber philosophically and beautifully observes *, *What Pleasure is not languid to Satiety* †. *Satiety puts an End to all Taste that the Mind of Man can delight in*: Therefore their Subscriptions fell short of Mr. Brooks's considerably; and I believe the Patriot-Poets begin now to feel the ill Consequences of an Opposition to a certain great Man as much as the Merchants: The Merchants would have a War, and they have had their Hearts full of it: The Poets would write up to a Refusal, and I believe they begin heartily to repent it: *We* of the Court have, I gad, given them their Bellies full: I and Sir R...t play all the Game, and let us shuffle the Cards theatrically, or patriotically, we still turn up Knaves. ... But halt a little, most gracious Reader, in the Fulness of my Heart I have digress'd so long, that I don't know where I digress'd from: But that is just my Father's Way, for as we write, so we do but write on, 'tis sufficient; as for Method and Connexion, we leave them to your little Geniuses; our Irregularity in writing, like our Irregularity in living, is more beautiful from its Deformity: Were we not singularly eminent, we might die unnoted by Fame; but it is our Extravanzas in Life which mark us out to the Gaze and Wonder of the present Age; and the *inexpressible* Somewhat in our Apologies will record us the most notable *Par nobile* of the Year 1740, excepting, with due Submission, that great *Par nobile Fratrum*, who in *A....str.....n* and *Negociation* have so eminently distinguish'd themselves to all Europe.

But seriously to recover the Clue of my History; from having given Reasons why I abus'd Mr. F....d in my ministerial Essays, I digress'd to my turning *Inform*er about *Gustavus Vasa*, and so deduc'd some historical Anecdotes concerning that dainty Piece, and added some political Remarks from Cibber's Apology, in Defence of the *licensing Act*. . . . Let me see . . . Ay, it

* C. Cibber's Apology, p. 79. † Ditto, p. 171.

was so. -- I will now draw the Back Scene of my Proceedings, and still enlarge the Prospect: It was in the Vacation of last Summer, when having retreated from *Covent-Garden*, I retir'd to *Charing-Cross*. My Enemies gave out, that I went there for some trifling Sums I had run in Debt for at Mrs. *St--w--d's*, and some other fashionable reputable Bawdy-Houses in *Covent-Garden* Piazzas. . . . Vile Insinuation! How weak the Understanding of Man to account for Conduct of great Men, when they are ignorant upon what Principles they move. --- What reflective Witticisms and Inuendoes have been flung at Sir --- about this secret Expedition, which has been so long fitting out: What Things have been said about a Suspension, or Cessation of Arms, and I don't know what, when, at the same Time, the great Man acts upon other Measures than they guess, and intends to proceed on other Motives than they imagine. --- I was us'd in the same Manner as to my *secret Expedition to Charing-Cross*: And as it is now over, and to put such fruitless Revilers to the Blush, I will tell them my Motives to it: *Imprimis*, as I was going to commence M-----al Writer, it was proper I should live near the M-----r, not only for more easily attending his Levees, but to be more readily sent for to attend a private Conference, and receive Instructions whom I was to lash, what I was to defend, what gain say, when to give the evasive, and when the downright Lie: All which Things are necessary for a Writer to know, who has such a Patron to defend. --- As for the Frequency of my private Conferences, and the Nature of my Instruction, I shall prudently be silent; Instructions given to Ambassadors, tho' mov'd for by Members of the House of C-----s to be laid before them, are not to be revealed in such a Manner: But as to my frequenting a *Levee* in *Downing-street*, that is notoriously known; and I can say, with some Elevation of Heart, few in his Circle were more distinguish'd for their Sense, Learning, Virtue, Honour, Policy, Ability, and Eloquence, than your little humble Servant *T. C.* --- But besides these Reasons, my Printer and Publisher lived at that Place, and it is best for an Author to confer with his Printer very often; as how the Sale goes on, and whether any Cash

is become due, without mentioning the Necessity of correcting the Sheets from the Press; for what a sad Figure an Author makes in Print who don't know how to make his Stops: I therefore always stop my Works myself; though as for the Spelling I leave that to the Printer's Boy. Sure then these are sufficient Reasons to take off the Obloquy that was cast on me, that vile *Catchpoles* drove me to a Place which I out of mere Policy retired to. --- Well, there it was I composed my *Country Correspondents*, in all which I continued my Attack on Mr. *Fl---d*; and in a miscellaneous rhapsodical Way defended the P--- M-----r Tooth and Nail: In Taverns I eat for him, drank for him, talk'd for him, and when I went home about Four o'Clock in the Morning I wrote for him.

Aurora Musis Amica.

Then wou'd I write about it and about it.

I continued this zealous and satirical Fury for the whole Summer, nor did I write *Country Correspondents* only, but sometimes occasional *Gazetteers*, in both which Kinds of Writing I equally succeeded.

This strenuous Attachment of mine to the *Administration*, drew on me the Abuse of the *Country Party*; and I was libell'd under the Character of *Pistol* in a scandalous Paper call'd *Common Sense*. The Author of that Journal is a profligate forging Fellow; for he inserted Letters from *Pistol*, with an Insinuation (as I go by the Name of *Pistol*) that they came from me, which was as *notorious* a *Fib* as his Predecessor *Mist* told of *Colley Cibber*; and I take this Opportunity to avow to the whole World that I never had any thing to do with *Common Sense*, nor ever will: From my Soul I heartily despise it; and from this Moment, till *Atropos* with fatal Shears shall snip the spinning Thread of vital Life, *Common Sense* and I are Enemies, and so, Mr. *Common Sense*, your humble Servant. — But it seems my great Apologist himself was droll'd upon for his State-writings: I mean the Comedy of the *Non-Juror*, and *Mynheer Keyber* was a standing Joke till at last *Mist* fairly kill'd him. — Take the Story in his own Words.

“ Soon

" Soon after the *Non-Juror* had receiv'd the Favour of
 " the Town, I read, in one of *Mist's* Journals, the fol-
 " lowing short Paragraph: *Yesterday died Mr. Colley*
 " *Cibber, late Comedian of the Theatre Royal, noto-*
 " *rious for writing the Non-Juror.* The Compliment
 " in the latter Part I confess I did not dislike, because
 " it came from so impartial a Judge; and it really so
 " happen'd that the former Part was very near true;
 " for I had just that very Day crawl'd out, after having
 " been some Weeks laid up with a Fever: However I
 " saw no Use in being thought to be thoroughly dead
 " before my Time, and therefore had a Mind to see
 " whether the Town cared to have me alive again.
 " So the Play of the *Orphan* being to be acted that
 " Day, I quickly stole myself into the Part of the
 " *Chaplain*, which I had not been seen in for many
 " Years before. The Surprize of the Audience at my
 " unexpected Appearance on the very Day I had been
 " dead in the News, and the Paleness of my Looks
 " seem'd to make it a Doubt whether I was not the
 " Ghost of my real Self departed: But when I spoke
 " their Wonder eas'd itself by Applause, which con-
 " vinc'd me they were then satisfy'd that my Friend
 " *Mist* had told a *Fib* of me. Now if simply to have
 " shewn myself in broad Life, and about my Business,
 " after he had notoriously reported me dead, can be
 " called a Reply, it was the only one which his Paper,
 " while alive, ever drew from me: But my particular,
 " Offence of writing the *Non-Juror* has made me more
 " honourable Friends than Enemies; the latter of which
 " I am not unwilling should know that that Part of the
 " Bread I now eat was given me for having writ the
 " *Non-Juror.*"

This shows that though we State Writers are jok'd
 upon, yet Reward makes up for these Squibs of Drol-
 lery. I may be ask'd why I was so voluntary a Cham-
 pion for the M-----r, and why I relate this Account
 of State Writing, and intersperse political Memoirs and
 Remarks in this Apology, as they do not immediately
 relate to the History of the Stage. Some *John Trot*
 may sagely reply, that I write in this Manner merely
 to imitate the Manner of *Colley Cibber*. — But, Mr.

Trot, you are mistaken ; *Colley Cibber* interspers'd *Defences* of *Lord Chamberlain's Power*, and *Licensing Act*, for the same Reason that I wrote *Country Correspondents* and *Gazetteers*, to create Merit with the M-----y, which we, at a proper Time, might make use of : The private Reason of writing these, and abusing Mr. *Fl---d* all tended to the same Point : I have often promis'd to tell them to the Reader, and the Secret shall lie no longer a Burden to me, but out it shall.

Mr. *Colley Cibber* retired from the Stage, having patiently sold his Share of the Patent to Mr. *Highmore*, when he had managed him so that he had got his own Price, and then he wish'd the Crew he left in the Vessel a good Voyage ; yet, says he, " though it began to grow " late in Life with me, having Health and Strength " enough to have been as useful on the Stage as ever, I " I was under no visible Necessity of quitting of it." As an undoubted Proof of that, he has several Seasons since, on very valuable Considerations from Mr. *F---d*, perform'd occasionally on the Stage. But though he had quitted the Theatre, and sold his Share in it, when he had staid with new Patentees, and made them think it worth their while to come up to his Price ; yet the sweet Profits of the Management of a Theatre remain'd strongly in his Mind ; and notwithstanding all his Professions of the Love of Retirement, he would gladly have been reinstated in the Government of a Theatre, could he have obtain'd such an Office, and not to have cost him any Thing. Now as he knew that I was a strong Malecontent at *Drury-Lane*, and was sensible what Torrents of Ambition roll'd tumultuously o'er my Soul, having deriv'd their Source from his own Spring, he was assured that I would come into any Scheme that would sooth my Ambition, and put me at the Head of a Company over which I was to have any profitable Share of the Management ; for *Ambition* will be but an inglorious Passion if not founded upon *Interest* : It is the *Utile Dulci* should govern the Thoughts and Actions of the rational Part of Mankind. Acquainted with my Principles, and having seen what an *Achitophel* I was in theatric Policy ; how adroit in raising Commotions,

tions, stirring up Revolts, heading Rebellions, and bringing about Revolutions, he thought proper to communicate to me a Design of gaining over to his Interest some principal Players of *Drury-Lane* Company, and then setting up a new Company under a License, which he did not doubt, for his great Merit and Services, he could easily obtain. — This Scheme jump'd with my own Way of Thinking, and I came into it with Heart and Hand; nor did he omit hinting to me that his only Motive to such a Design, *when it began to grow late in Life with him*, was purely to retrieve the Honour of the *British Theatre*, and leave me handsomely provided for. Now though I knew he did not care a Rush for me, nor would, out of pure Love, give me a Farthing to keep me from the Gallows, yet I had learn'd Art enough to disguise my real Opinion, and give his Proposal the Turn he would have it take. Having resolved on this Design, we did secretly all we could to bring it about; for your important Schemes cannot be executed as soon as plan'd, and therefore we were oblig'd to wait a proper Opportunity, which was, while the Articles of some of the principal Actors under Mr. *Fl---d* were expired. In the mean Time, last Summer, to deserve something from the M-----y when I should petition for any Favour, *more Paterno*, I took up my Pen, wrote *Country Correspondents* and *Gazetteers* in Defiance of *Common Sense* and all its Adherents. — So, Mr. Reader, you now know for what Reason I commenc'd *Politician*: — Well, methinks I hear some *John Trot* object and say, — Is writing *Country Correspondents*, and *Gazetteers* of such Consequence? — Yes, Sir, to write as I did, and lay about me like a *Drawcansir*, and all that, Sir, is look'd on as meritorious; and Merit is to be rewarded. — All that Summer was chiefly spent in *Politicks* and *Amours*; for I, as well as Sir -----, or -----, must have my Relaxations and Divertisements after the Concerns of a Nation have been pothering in my Brain: — I remember the old Maxim:

Interpone tuis interdum gaudia Curis.

Which

Which I thus render :

*Sometimes the Cares of Empire to remove,
Retreating to your Mifs, indulge your Love.*

A Maxim I always follow, when fatigued either with the Affairs of the *State*, or the *Stage*, and the Example of my Betters keep me in Countenance, when I make this publick Confession of it. --- To return : --- That my Politicks would not support me, I soon found out, though had a particular *Right Honourable Gentleman* taken me more particularly under his Patronage, it might have been worth *his* While, as well as *mine* ; I might have been of great Service to him, for I could have made as good a *Bustle-Master-General* in *St. St---s's Chapel*, as behind the *Scenes* : Of this I gave him a Hint in one of my Pamphlets, and told him with what an Air the *young Captain* could loll in his *Chariot*, while it roll'd down to the House, and that he could make Speeches to a *Senate*, as well as to an Audience. --- But if People can't take a Hint, whose Fault is that ? Perhaps he wanted more explicit Explanation, but my *consummate Modesty* not suffering me to make such an Attempt, it may have been my Disappointment. --- However I have this Consolation, I am not the first Man of *Merit* who have suffer'd by that simple Virtue --- As I was not taken such Notice of as my Vanity had suggested I deserv'd, I retreated from the Service. --- The Practice of all great Men on such Occasions. --- *Scipio*, and others have done it. --- As I was resolv'd not to act with Mr. *F----* again, and he equally resolv'd not to let me, I engaged with Mr. *Rich* ; and appear'd on *Covent-Garden Theatre*. --- I so manag'd Matters, that I soon became *Bustle-Master-General* there, and made the Under-Actors and Under-Servants of the Theatre know who they had got among them. As my Enemies will allow I am a clever Fellow in my Way, I must here mention the Success I met with in my theatrical Way ; I had long sigh'd to perform the Character of *Bayes* in the *Rehearsal*, but my own Fears, and my Father's inimitable Action, still so fresh in every Memory, clip'd the Wings of my Ambition : However I was resolv'd to make a Push at it, and propos'd to my
new

new Master the getting up the *Rehearsal*. -- *Rehearsal*, said he, -- umph! And who can do *Bayes*? O! Sir, says I, you need not have ask'd that Question, when you have taken me into your Company. -- Umph! says he, -- and took a Pinch of Snuff, and remain'd silent. -- I urg'd the Thing, and what Houses it would bring, if I had the Management of getting it up. . . . His Answer came from him by half Sentences, and Inuendoes, and Pinches of Snuff, as, . . . No, . . . 'T'wont do. . . . [Snuff] *The Character*. . . . *The Character of Bayes supported it*. . . . 'T'was a Hazard. . . . 'T'would be an Expence. . . . Wou'd advise me not to think of it. . . . [Snuff] My Father indeed to have play'd it might do something. . . . The Town wou'd make Comparisons. . . . Perhaps not for my Advantage. . . . The Expences, in short, wou'd be too considerable. . . . (Here it was easy to understand him) I therefore propos'd to him to add such a ludicrous Spectacle, as, by his Advice and Assistance, might bring great Audiences, though a Thing of a trivial Nature. . . . Here I knew I should tickle him: In short, I propos'd to reinforce *Bayes's Troops*, and, with a new Set of *Hobby Horses*, raise two new Regiments, who should Exercise in martial Order upon the Stage, and by their capering and prancing like menag'd War-Horses, divert the Multitude; and that the *Captandum vulgus* he knew was the *sine qua non* in the Theatre. . . . This did all I wanted; he came into my Scheme, and was so very full of the additional Troops, that he undertook to raise them himself, which he not only did, but attended at all their Exercises and Musters, and Reviews, was *Riding-Master*, *Adjutant-General*, and *Generalissimo*. . . . When it was perform'd I met with an Applause might satisfy the greatest Vaniry; and my *Hobby-Horse Regiments* had as great Applause as myself: The remaining Part of the Season went on with great Success to the Master, by my *Rehearsal*, and my additional Troops had as many Spectators at *Coven-Garden* as his M - -'s Household Troops at a Review in *Hyde-Park*: This continu'd till the Master brought his *Orpheus* and *Eurydice* on the Stage, after which there was no Occasion for Mr. *Bayes*; the *Twinkum Twankum* of Mr. *Orpheus*, and the *Metamorphoses* of Mon-

Monsieur Harlequin, put my Troops to the Rout. However at the Close of the Season, I made a Rally, and brought myself and my Army for one Night more into the Field, . . . To explain ; I prevail'd with *Mr. Rich* to let me have *another Benefit* the last Night but one of performing on the Theatre for this last Season : I say *another* having had about *four* others within the Year.

The Frequency of my having Benefits demands some Consideration in this Apology, as some Persons have given themselves Airs to censure me for it, and besides it may bring out some theatrical Anecdotes and Rules necessary for future and less experienc'd Actors. As the having Benefits is suppos'd to raise a Sum of Money to reward an Actor, and as it is raising it in an honest Way, what Crime is it if an Actor could get a Benefit-Play every Week ? . . . O, but cries *Mr. Oeconomist*, who will buy but one Pit-Ticket in a Season ? *This is an Imposition on the Publick, and severe Tax on your Tradesmen, your Acquaintance, and your Acquaintance's Acquaintance* ? Ay, it might seem so indeed, if they were all, as for *myself*, but I have more Modesty to make unreasonable Requests. . . In short, *Sir Wisacre*, there is an Art to conduct such Things with a Glofs, and an Art of which I am the original Inventor : I shall illustrate this by Matters of Fact, as I practis'd them. . . . When I engag'd in that notorious Trial of my Cuckoldom, I stood in Need of the Essence of Law, for Money is the Sinews of Law, as well as War ; and to raise it, the easiest and only Way was by having a Benefit. I ask'd *Mr. F . . . d* this as a Favour, and a good natur'd Office, to enable me to obtain Justice for my Heart-wracking Injuries : Though this was at a very good Part of the Season, he, compassionating my Necessities, comply'd : Now comes the Thing ; I thought at that Crisis, having a Benefit in my own Name might be not so proper, and without it, you'll say, how could you get a full House ? Why, I found out a Way to have a Benefit, and a full House, and Nobody know it : Not to keep you in Suspence, I got my Father to play for me, and *Mr. F . . . d* to let me have the House, so it was done at once. . . . You'll say this was very friendly of the Master, . . . but that is all over. . . . Two Months after I had a Benefit in my own Name ;

Name ; that was mine by right, and I need say no more on it. . . . But about three Months after I wanted another Benefit, which was in the Summer-Season. . . . Then I was engag'd to Mr. *Rich*, and got Leave for the House, and some Brother-Actors, to play *gratis*. . . . But I did not tell the Publick it was my Benefit : No, I knew better ; I touch'd them in a tender Point, and told them it was to support my dear Infant Children which I had left by my first Wife *Jenny* . . . And so put at the Top of the Bills, *For the Benefit of Miss Betty and Miss Molly, &c.* . . . Some indeed saw through this Artifice, but it pass'd current enough with the Majority. . . . At *Christmas* I was to have had another, but the Weather prevented it : I have had *another* in my Course among the Actors, and *another* after them, because I did not get enough by the former. . . . I must observe, that on these Occasions I always find some Topick to display my *Oratory* on, which I print at the Bottom of my Bills, either as Advertisements or Remonstrances, or Petitions, or something or other, and circulate them among the Gentry and Nobility, Tradesmen, Acquaintance and Strangers : Besides which, I generally speak an *Epilogue* of *Jo. Haynes's* riding on an *Ass* ; and to shew how I can laugh at Persons calling me by Mock-Names, I advertis'd it, *to be spoke by the young Captain in his Regimentals, riding on an Ass.* . . . This may seem a trifling Story to the *untheatrical Reader* ; but I write this to instruct Posterity, who are engag'd in a Theatre, by what Means they may manage their Affairs ; and I hope from these Hints some future Genius may find much Profit and Emolument.

The Season being clos'd, I again retir'd to *Charing-Cross*, but not to write Politicks, if the Reader has any Curiosity to know what important Affair I went thither for, that I might safely negotiate it, let him peruse the Beginning of the sublequent Chapter.



C H A P. X.

*The Situation of Affairs at Drury-Lane Theatre. —
 The Scheme to get a new Licence explain'd. —
 The Reason for the Publication of Mr. C. Cibber's
 Apology given. — The Scheme miscarries. —
 A most heroick Rhapsody. — A Dissertation on
 Property. — An Apology for writing another
 Chapter.*

I Am now entering on a Theme which will surprize the Publick, because it is such a Piece of secret History, as will be a *Key* to several elaborate *Digressions* in the *Apology* of Mr. Colley Cibber: I must previously observe, that in his historical Part of the Stage he was very well vers'd in the *Rebellions, Revolts and Revolutions* of his Time, till he had fix'd the Government of the Stage under a *Triumvirate*, of which he himself was one; and from the Time of his quitting his Share in the Patent, no one is better vers'd in *Rebellions, Revolts, Revolutions, FaCTIONS, Oppositions, &c. &c.* than myself: Two Persons of such Experience might bring about great Things in a *theatrical State*, more especially if the People were divided, and Heats and Animosities were fomented among them. I have acquainted the Reader of some great Design which was in Embrio, and which we only wanted an Opportunity to execute: This was for my Father, after having rais'd Uneasinesses and Jealousies among Mr. F - - - d's Company, to obtain a Licence for a new Company. - - Some private Affairs of Mr. F - - - d's gave us the Opportunity we so much desir'd. - - For as through the Confusion Things

were

were at *Drury-Lane* Theatre, and through a violent Distemper, he could not appear himself; and a Report prevailing, which we industriously rumour'd as Truth, that he would never return to the Management of his Theatre again, we could not only the better solicit the *Actors*, but even the *Chamberlain*, and with less Opposition: To work we went, and indeed we at first met with such hopeful Success, that I was not a little elate, and form'd much imaginary Triumph in my Heart. However, Mr. *F--d* took such Measures as to the *Actors*, that he thought, maugre all our Projects, he should be able to retain a good Company at *Drury-Lane*: To traverse this Design, and with a specious View of acting justly, Mr. *C...y C...r* represented to the *L...d Ch...n*, that there was an absolute Necessity for having another Company form'd, as Mr. *F...d* had very injuriously treated his chief *Actors*, and that there were very large Arrears due to them: To impose still the more on the *Ch...n*, there were some *Actors* waited on the *L...d Ch...n*, introduced by Mr. *C. C.* and made such Remonstrances as were thought proper: Thus we carried on the Solicitation, which occasioned an Order to be sent to Mr. *C...d*, Prompter of the Theatre, that none of the Company should engage in any other Company, or elsewhere, without his Knowledge and Permission. This we look'd, in a Point, gain'd in our Favour, to prevent any *Actors* making fresh Agreements, which Mr. *F...d* thought some Persons view'd it in another Light, and imagin'd it was to prevent any *Actors* going from him. When these Negotiations were thus carrying on, we had, we thought, another favourable Incident: Mr. *F--d* was taken extremely ill of the Gout, and he was in such Danger that his Life was despair'd of: Nay, it was reported one Night that he was *dead*, and it was inserted as Truth in the *publick Papers* of next Day. I first heard it at the *Tavern*, and that was the Occasion of my *Bacchinian Transports*

Quo me Bacche rapis, &c.

in a prior Chapter. But though this Report was false, yet so dangerous an Illness prevented his bustling about

as he might otherwise have done; yet he managed so well, that our Representation of the Affairs of *Drury-Lane Theatre* lost considerably of their Weight, as great Part was, on Examination, found not to be strictly true, and that Mr. G. C. had notoriously utter'd several *Fibs* both of the State of *Drury-Lane*, and the *Menager* of it.

It may be objected that Mr. G. C. and *myself*, and *others*, were very great *Scoundrels* to take such an Advantage of a Gentleman, being in a desperate Illness, and who had, at a vast Expence, purchas'd the Patent, and had redeem'd the *Hay-market* Company from the desperate State they labour'd under: Some added, that, not only taking such an Advantage was unjust, but that telling *Fibs* were more so. - - But pray let me answer all Objectors. Is not in the transacting all *State Affairs* between *Kings* and *Potentates* all advantageous Opportunities to be taken? Does not *Policy* require, when any Thing offers which may prove beneficial, that without any Qualm of *Conscience*, the *Prime M . . . r* of any Kingdom is to make Use of it, be it never so *unjust* or *detrimental* to a *Rival Power*? Suppose the taking of *Carthagera*, or even the Island of *Cuba* would break the haughty Heart of the *Queen of Spain*, Is our Ministry to desist gaining Part of her Dominions for Fear of being the Death of her? . . . Not many People would think so: . . . Though perhaps that *tender-heartedness* of the *M . . . r* may be the Reason why Admiral *Vernon* was not supported with *Land-Forces*. . . But . . . *Ne Sutor ultra Crepidam*. . . Then, Sir, as for telling a few *Fibs*, what mighty Matter is there in that, when the *Fibs* may go a great Way to carry the Cause? In all caballing, theatrical or political *Fibs* are the most Essential requisite; and moreover it is known in *Fibbing* you must *sib* roundly: If it is not discover'd, you, ten to one, impose on those you represent the State of the Case to, and carry your Views: And if you are discover'd, 'tis only pleading that you yourself have been impos'd on by 17 others: Were all the *Fibbers* in a Court to take Shame to themselves for practising such an Art, we might soon see some very great Men in Disgrace: Then, why

why may not the *Fibbers* (or . . . *ibbers*) of a Theatre take the same Scheme, without any Reflection of Scandal. I am so far from my thinking an Excellence in this Practice is any Reproach, that as for my Part I value myself on it mightily, and intend, for the publick Good, to write an *Essay* on the *Art of Fibbing*, which I design to publish next Winter by Subscription. But a thorough Answer to all moral Objections, is mine and Mr. *Colley Cibber's Philosophy*; if our *Conscience* can *away with it*, we may lay our Hands to our honest Hearts, and vow we have acted like Men of *Honour*; and who can gainsay us? . . .

The Reader, now acquainted with these Anecdotes concerning Mr. *Colley Cibber*, may, if they have read his Apology, account not only for his political Essays on the Stage, his *chimaerical* Thoughts for the Improvement of it, but also for so true a Publication of it at the Time he was *soliciting a new Licence*. As I am a candid Historian, I will not conceal some Remarks which I have heard made when his *History* and his *Conduct* have been compar'd, as if they were *inconsistent* with one another: He is said, throughout his *Apology*, to have endeavour'd to prove, that the *Multiplicity of Theatres* is contrary to the useful Consequences which may accrue from a well-govern'd Stage. . . True. . . " I know it is a common
 " Opinion, says he, that the more Play-houses the more
 " Emulation: I grant it; but what has this Emulation
 " ended in? Why a daily Contention, who shall surfeit
 " you with the best Plays? So that when what *ought* to
 " please can no longer please, your Appetite is again to be
 " rais'd by such monstrous Presentations as Dishonour the
 " Taste of a civiliz'd People. If indeed to our several
 " Theatres we could raise a proportionable Number of
 " good Authors, to give them all different Employ-
 " ment, then perhaps the Publick might profit from
 " their Emulation: But while good Writers are so
 " scarce, and undaunted Criticks so plenty, I am afraid
 " a good Play and a blazing Star, will be equal Ra-

* *Vide C. Cibber's Apology*, p. 56.

"rities." ... This has been urg'd as a Reason why Mr. Colley Cibber should not have solicited a Licence to have set up a new Company, and that it was against his own Maxims: But pray not so fast: He remains in this Opinion still against the Multiplicity of Play-houses in the Main; and if he had set up another, it would have been only *in ordine ad*, to have ruin'd Mr F...d's Company, and to have reduc'd the Number to *two* again: To effect this, he is such a Judge of *Taste*, he would have given no *monstrous Presentations*, but such as might have done an *Honour* to a *civiliz'd People*: But then say you, this, he says himself, could not be done without *good Authors*; and *good Writers* are very scarce. They are so, but would there not have been HIMSELF and MYSELF to have entertain'd the Town, so that all these futile Objections fall to the Ground. Again, says Mr. Objector, after Mr. Colley has enter'd himself a *voluntary Champion* for restraining the Number of Play-houses, and given the *Publick a Pourtrait of his Mind*, to let them see how far he is or is not a *Blockhead*, when he pretends to talk of *serious Matters* above his Capacity, he thus strengthens his Arguments; "And now we
 "have seen the Consequence of what many People con-
 "tend for, Variety of Play-houses! How was it possible
 "so many could subsist on what was to be seen? How
 "could the same Stock of Plays supply four Theatres,
 "which not well support two? .. Had this Law been
 "made seven Years ago, I should not have parted with
 "my Share in the Patent under a thousand Pounds more
 "than I receiv'd for it. - - So that as far as I am able
 "to judge, both the Publick, as Spectators, and the
 "Patentees as Undertakers, are, or might be in a Way
 "of being better entertain'd, and more considerable
 "Gainers by it." All this amounts to no more, than
 as this Law prohibits an *unlicens'd* Number of Play-houses, the Value of the Direction of a *Theatre* may increase, and that Mr. Colley Cibber might have been a very considerable Gainer, if he obtain'd a *Licence* to have been an *Undertaker* of another: We had such sanguine Hopes of Success, that we had fix'd on the Place to have encamp'd in, and have open'd our Campaign: It
 was

was the *Opera-house* in the *Hay-market*, where the *Revolters* of his own Time fix'd, but which he would have had alter'd to the Plan of *Drury Lane*; this is hinted at in several Parts of the *Apology*; but in Page 184, he proves it a proper Spot, and the Hopes that such a Project might succeed, " From the vast Increase of the Buildings [*Grosvenor-Square, &c.*] I have mention'd, the Situation of that Theatre has receiv'd considerable Advantages; a new World of People of Condition are nearer to it than formerly; and I am of Opinion that if the Auditory Part were reduc'd, a little more to that of the Model of *Drury Lane*, an excellent Company of Actors would now find a better Account in it, than in any other House in this populous City. Let me not be mistaken; I say an excellent Company, and such as might be able to do Justice to the best Plays, and throw those latent Beauties in them, which only excellent Authors can discover, or give Life to: If such a Company were now, there they would meet with a quite different Set of Auditors than other Theatres have been lately us'd to." -- Here, in his own Words, you have the *Ground-Work* of our Scheme: And who is there can doubt, but under *his* Direction and *mine*, the *Morals* of a Theatre must have been reform'd, for what by our known *Virtues*, and experienc'd *Knowledge* of *Good-breeding*, we should have made our Theatre the School of *Manners*, *Virtue*, and *Politeness*. . . . For has he not in his * *Chimerical Thoughts* of making the Stage useful, built a Theatre in the Air, to prove † his Concern that the Theatres have not a better Pretence to the Care and further Consideration of those Governments where they are tolerated. ---- There was a Time, adds he, and not yet out of many Peoples Memory, when it subsisted upon its own rational Labours; when even Success attended an Attempt to reduce it to Decency; and when Actors themselves were hardy enough to hazard their Interest in the Pursuit of so dangerous a Reformation. — Now as

* Chap. II. † *Apology*, p. 24.

all know what was may be again, we flatter'd ourselves that we should have brought about a theatric Reformation: And more especially from the *Publication* of the *Apology*, having laboriously and zealously shewn in it, what " * Regard was always paid to the Power of a " *Lord Chamberlain*, and what Influence and Operation that Power must naturally have in all theatric " *Revolutions*." —

*But oh! thou curst, inconstant, fickle --- B--ch;
Thou Strumpet Deity, FORTUNA hight;
Thou, thou with painted Looks and Eyes alluring,
Who smil'd delusive on my fairest Hopes;
Just, just upon the Brink of full Enjoyment,
With jilting Mein thou turn'st thy Backside on me,
And smil'st indignant at my aim'd Embrace!
Curse on my wayward Fate! — Curse on my Stars! ---
Under what Star theatric was I born? —
Ye Gods! why gave ye to me such a Soul
That swells and pants with such ambitious Throws,
Yet Torture it with Disappointments vile?
Fl--- d's superior Genius has undone me;
HE, Eagle like, o'er me — a meer Tom-Tit —
Tow'rs yond my Sight, and mocks my aching View ---
— But it is Well. — Anon, and yet anon
The Goddess, Fair Occasion, call'd, may smile,
And I will catch her by her Forelock fast;
For so the Fair is gain'd: — And so I sink
Into the calmer Thoughts of mild Philosophy. —*

— Oh! gentle Reader, excuse this heroic Agitation of my Soul; the Thoughts of what I am going to tell you, *bit the Cause that touch'd my Brain*, and threw me into this passionate Rhapsody: After all our Hopes, after all our Negotiations, Sollicitations, Representations, Lucubrations, and Apologies, the Theatre Colley Cibber built in the Air, must still remain in Nubibus, though † it was in a much better Taste than any he had seen; and we have only now Leave to play with the Project in Fancy. — In plain English, my Lord

• C. Cibber's Apology, p. 206.

† Ditto, p. 208.

Chamberlain

Chamberlain denied us a License, on so foolish a Reason (begging my Lord's Pardon for the Expression) as, he would not consent, without any Foundation of Reason, for us to invade a Gentleman's Property: But my Lord has another Way of thinking, as to moral Obligations, than *C...y C...r*; and however he may approve of him as an entertaining Companion, he has no Opinion of him as a Moral Philosopher. It is not becoming in me to call his *Grace's* Parts into Question; nor do I: They are above the Description of my Pen, though that can sometimes soar such Heights, as may be beyond the Ken of common Understanding: But I may ask this digressive Question, *What is PROPERTY?* --- It is merely having the Possession of a Thing, which Possession gives a just Right to it till dispossest'd thereof: For as Possession is universally allowed to be Nine Parts of the Law out of Ten, it is to be supposed it is Nine Parts of Justice out of Ten; and consequently should be the Ballance of every Man's Actions. — As for Instance, If a Tradesman, *viz.* a Woollen Draper, Haberdasher, Mercer, Laceman, &c. had particular Goods in their Shops, their Goods during that Time are their Properties: They are so. Well, the Taylor purchases some of them from the several Shops, and they become *his*. Now if I order the Taylor from those Goods to make me a handsome Suit of Cloaths, and he makes them and delivers them to *me*, will any one say they are the Property of the Woollen-Draper, Haberdasher, Laceman, &c. or Taylor? No, they are *mine*. — Ay, says Sir *Sneerer*, if you have paid for them. — Ay, Sir, if I have not paid for them too. — The Cloaths, *durante possessione*, are legally mine; and as my Property I wear them. — The Taylor indeed may bring his Action at Law; and then I play least in Sight; but still wear the Cloaths. — He forces me to the Verge of the Law; I still wear the Cloaths; and, till he is able to beat me out of all my strong Holds, I make no Consideration of his Claim to them, or an Equivalent for them. — Property fluctuates and changes Masters: 'Tis a quick Inheritance:

Hæres Heredem velut unda supervenit undam.

Forgive the Lowness of my Illustration, and making myself an Example: But Truth is Truth, however mean the Object may be that demonstrates it. If you would have a more elevated Idea, behold the fluctuating Property of the greatest Empires and Kingdoms of the World: Your *Medes* and your *Persians* are no longer govern'd by their *Cyrus's* and *Darius's*. — *Alexander's* Family are not in Possession of the territorial Property which he himself took from others. — But why need I be prodigal of my historical Learning. — Does not the illustrious *Kouli Kan*, at this very Day, make the Dominions of the *Sophi* of *Persia* his Property; and has he not made the vast Riches and Provinces of the *Great Mogul* his Property; and is he not meditating to make other Provinces of the *Ottoman* Empire his Property? — But you say this is Injustice, and that he, in fact, is an Usurper, — A *Fico* for Distinction of Names; while he is in Possession of his Territories, and at the Head of his Armies, he is a Prince. — I only wish I could be the *Kouli Kan* of the *Theatre*, and the *Mobile* might give me whatever Name or Title they pleas'd besides to distinguish me by. — But do not our *European* Potentates act on the same Principle: If they can once gain Possession, by Fraud or Force, of a convenient Island, or Tract of Land, or Dominion, do they not think they have a just Right to it, and that it becomes their Property? — Would any good *Englishman* doubt our indisputable Right to *Gibraltar*, *Minorca*, *Jamaica*, --- or *Hispaniola* and all the *American* World if we could take them from the *Spaniards*, and afterwards keep them. — If, therefore I, either *Vi* or *Fraude*, could get any Part of the theatric Dominions, am I to blame? — Or if I, the young *Captain* at Land, meeting with a rich trading *Taylor*, should plunder him of a laced Suit of Cloaths, why am I to be censured more than another *Captain* at Sea, who plunders a *Caracca* S. p? — O but, says my Opponent, I suppose — the publick Property of Nations, and the private Property of Subjects are differently to be considered. — I am your humble Servant for that, my Dear: By my Philosophy I look upon the State of Nature as a State of War; all is fair Play in this Scramble for the Goods of the World; and

and I think myself, in this Respect, acting in as just Principle as any Potentate living.

*Why was not I the Twentieth by Descent,
From a long restive Race of droaning Kings!
Ye Gods! why gave ye me a Monarch's Soul,
And crusted it with base Plebeian Clay?*

Dryden's Spanish Fryar

What a Buffle-Master General would I have made among the Princes of the World, and elbow'd all the Monarchs round about me. — But, *non sic Dii volvere*. — Therefore in mimic Parallel among the Plumes of Tragedy, and Struts of Ambition, I shew a Dawn of what, had I been a Prince, I should have acted. —

But to return from this Digression on Property. — Our Hopes were frustrated, as to forming a new Company by the Sanction of a License from the *Lord Chamberlain*; and Mr. *Colley Cibber's* Ambition and private Views have the same Fare as mine. — He, indeed, may please himself with his Follies, having a plentiful Provision for Life, and still have the Joy he took in the End of an old Song.

My Mind, my Mind is a Kingdom to me.

He like a loose Philosopher may again say,

*Me while my laughing Follies can deceive,
Blest in the dear Delirium let me live,
Rather than wisely know my Wants and grieve.* }

But, for my Part, I must again submit to return to the Stage a Servant instead of a Manager; which had I known some Weeks ago, this Apology had not, as yet, have been wrote, nor my Father's would not, as yet, have been publish'd: But as I am drawn into this historical Narration of the Stage, which is, in fact, a true and necessary Appendix to his, I will make it as compleat as possible; for which Reason, I shall enter on another Chapter, that I may give the theatrical Characters of the principal Actors now living, not only as it will be in Mr. *Colley Cibber's* Manner, which I promis'd to follow in my Title Page, but, in fact, as this Apology will not be, *An Historical View of the*

STAGE during my OWN TIME, without them: The drawing Characters is the most difficult Province of a Historian; and very few, either antient or modern, have succeeded in them: They who sneer at *Cibber's Apology* in general, approve of his characterizing his Co-temporaries; they own the Draught is masterly, and the Colouring entertaining. I am sensible therefore how hard the Task must be to give the Pourtrait of living Players, when all the Town is acquainted with the Originals: However, as I am of a strong Opinion this Apology, as well as the other, may live to late Posterity, I am not willing my *Co-temporaries* should be buried in Oblivion; and perhaps there may be no *Apologist theatrical* hardy enough to succeed me: My Friends of the Stage will therefore excuse my Manner, Partiality, and Expressions, and what they may not approve, as being too free, pass over with a Smile of Contempt; for, to conclude, I shall be as free with Mr. C. *Cibber* and myself as any of them, whose Characters I shall draw up as Parallels to one another: As I have given you, Reader, the Bill of Fare of the next Chapter, it is in your own Option whether you will set down to the Meal.



CHAP. XI, and Last.

The several theatrical Characters of some of the present Actors. — A Parallel between the Author and Mr. Colley Cibber. — The Conclusion.



AS I am now entering on a Province which is esteem'd the most difficult for an Historian to succeed in, I am under some Apprehensions that this Chapter may not only be the least entertaining, but may give Offence, when I have no Manner of Design that it should. To draw Characters requires

requires not only a great Judgement but great Art, that you describe Persons that have lived some Years or Centuries before you write: But to draw the Characters of Persons living — *Hic Labor, hoc Opus est.* — Equally to avoid Flattery or Censure, and to keep strictly to a judicious Narration, is what few Historians have succeeded in at all; but to characterize your Cotemporaries, then living, requires such an honest Impartiality that still fewer have attempted it. — On these Considerations I would have wav'd giving any Characters of my theatrical Brethren; but on the Remonstrance of some Friends that my History would not be compleat without them, I must, in Part, enter on this arduous Undertaking: *Facta est Alea*, as *Cæsar* said, — *The Die is cast*, --- *We'll pass the Rubicon*: Proceed I must and will; therefore in the Conclusion of this prefatory Paragraph I shall chuse the Motto of another great Man, *Fari que Sentias*; and so, Mr. Reader, and Sir Actor, I hope you will peruse the Rest of this History with Candour, if my Pictures are such as you in Truth know them to be: For, as the *Gazetteer* says, “ Most Writers seem to have it more
“ in View to display their own Parts, or make their
“ Court to the Person characteriz'd, to his Relations,
“ Friends, and Dependants, than to draw him truly
“ such as he was; and of many such it may be said as
“ was said of the Painter who excell'd in Colouring and
“ Proportion, That his Pictures had every Excellence
“ but *Likeness*.” — It may be wonder'd why I quote this Author; but I am willing to pay all Deference to an Author who has been engaged in the same Cause with myself, and perhaps my individual SELF: I only wish my Pictures may have some Likeness, which will, I believe, atone for the Want of other Excellencies, presuming this Attempt may be neither disagreeable to the Curious, or the Frequenters of a Theatre, take it without any farther Preface.

In the Year 1740, the principal Actors, or whom I think the principal Actors, may be thus impartially and concisely pourtray'd.

As Tragedians claim, from their costly Plumes and Trappings, a Superiority of Merit over the Comedians, I shall begin with them; and taking the Liberty of deviating

viating from *Cicero*, *Salust*, *Clarendon*, and all other Historians, except *Colley Cibber*, shall describe them just as I think proper.

Q--n at *Drury-Lane* House, and *D-l-ne* at *Covent-Garden*, are the *Personæ Dramatis* which are without Competitors: They both play the chief Characters in the same Cast, therefore I shall consider their different Characters together. *Q--n* has been many Years on the Stage, and has gradually rose up to that Height of Reputation he at present enjoys: When *Drury-Lane* Theatre was under the Direction of the late Mr. *Rich*, he was in the inferior Class; and the *Lieutenant* of the *Tower* in *Cibber's* Alteration of *Richard the Third* was one of the principal Parts he perform'd: The Cast of several Plays in Print fully prove his Abilities were then thought but very insignificant; however, on a new Company setting up at *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, he was engag'd in it, and has ever since, but more especially on the Death of *Baheme*, gradually rose to a great Degree of Favour with the Publick: Mr. *Booth's* quitting the Stage still set him in a fairer Light, and indeed left him without a Rival: He had for some Time appear'd without any Competitor, when, all on a sudden, there appear'd at *Goodman's-Fields* a young Tragedian from *Dublin*: This was *D..l..ne*. Novelty, Youth, a handsome Figure, &c. took off from any severe Criticism on his Elocution and Action. In short, though so far from the polite End of the Town, he drew to him several polite Audiences, and became in such a Degree of Repute, that Comparisons were made between him and *Q--n*; nor was he without Admirers of both Sexes who gave him the Preference: He was not insensible of this, and determin'd to leave *Goodman's-Fields*, and indulge his Ambition at one of the Theatres Royal: *Q...n* just at that Time left *Covent-Garden* for *Drury-Lane*, and he engag'd with Mr. *Rich* at *Covent-Garden*; and in two or three Years on the Stage gain'd that Station on it, which most of the other Actors could not in many Years attain to. *Q...n* has the Character of a just Speaker, but then it is confin'd to the solemn declamatory Way: He either cannot work himself into the

the Emotions of a violent Passion, or he will not take the Fatigue of doing it: The Partiality of his Friends says he can touch the Passions with great Delicacy *if he will*; but general Opinion affirms he has neither Power of Voice or Sensation to give Love or Pity, Grief or Remorse their proper Tone and Variation of Features. *D...l...ne* is also esteemed a just Player; and though he has often a more loud Violence of Voice, yet, either from an Imitation of *Q...n*, or his own natural Manner, he has a Sameness of Tone and Expression, and drawls out his Lines to a displeasing Length: But that loud Violence of Voice is useful to him when Anger, Indignation, or such enrag'd Passions are to be express'd; for the shrill Loudness marks the Passion, which the sweet Cadence of *Q...n*'s natural Voice is unequal to. In such Parts, especially *Alexander*, *D...l...ne* pleases many; for the Million, as *C. C.* says, are apt to be transported when the Drum of the Ear is soundly rattled: But on the contrary, *Q...n*'s solemn Sameness of Pronunciation, which conveys an awful Dignity, is charmingly affecting in *Cato*. *D...l...ne* is young enough to rise to greater Perfection; *Q...n* may be said now to be at the Height of his: If *D...l...ne* has the more pleasing Person, *Q...n* has he more affecting Action: Both might soon appear with more Advantage if they were on the same Stage: The Rivalship of *D...l...ne* would give a spirited Jealousy to *Q...n*, and force him to exert himself; and *Q...n*'s Judgment would improve the unfinish'd Action of *D...l...ne*; but they are the *Cæsar* and *Pompey* of the Theatres, and one Stage would be incompatible with their Ambition; *Q...n* could bear no one on the Footing as an Equal, *D...l...ne* no one as a Superior.

M...lw....d is an Actor with all the Happiness of Voice that can be imagin'd, and a Personage very well turn'd for the Lover or the Heroe; nor, when he is not indolently negligent, does he often betray a Want of Judgment: His Voice is sweet, with an uncommon Strength; and in the Decadence of it, there is a Softness which adapts it to touch the Passions of Grief, Love, Pity, or Despair. In Comedy the Easiness of his Dialogue in the genteel Characters seems very amiable; and though in
his

his Action and Speech he does not imitate that quick snip-snap Catch of the late Mr. *Wilks*, to express Spirit and Vigour; yet his Voice and Gesture show such a Vivacity as are the just Effects of Nature: In low Comedy he has been seen to succeed beyond Expectation; and to speak all in a Word, according to Mr. *Cibber*'s Description of *Mountford*, he is, or might be, the true Representative of him.

Of Mr. *William M...* I have said something in a preceding Chapter; all I shall add here is, that he is not excellent in Tragedy, the Inanity of his Voice being unequal to the Swellings and Throws of the Sublime: In Comedy he succeeded to Mr. *Wilks*'s Parts; has caught something of his Catch in the Voice; is always very busy on the Stage; and, what all Actors ought to value themselves upon, very perfect.

Griffin and *Joe Miller* being dead, I shall give no Descriptions of them, nor of those who have succeeded to their Parts; for if I should speak of their Excellencies, I should be tempted to mention the comparative Inequality of their Successors. — Like the great *Apologist*'s Method of treating *Verbruggen*, *Keen*, *Boheme*, &c. &c. &c. I shall pass over the Rest of the present Players as Princes of petty Fame: I shall therefore only speak of two Actresses, and Myself, and *Colley Cibber* in Parallel.

Mrs. *Cl...* is esteem'd by all an excellent Comic Actress; and as she has a prodigious Fund of natural Spirit and Humour off the Stage, she makes the most of the Poet's on it. Nothing, though ever so barren, even though it exceeds the Limits of Nature, can be flat in her Hands: She heightens all Characters of Humour she attempts; nor is she confined only to the *Hoyden* Miss or pert Chambermaid, but in spiritous gay Characters of high Life, she always appears with such Air, Mein, and Action, as speak the Gay, the Lively, and the Desirable. She has been, by Persons who remember both, compared to Mrs. *Mountford*; and, by their natural Talents for the Stage, I am apt to believe the Comparison not unjust: I must however observe, Mrs. *Mountford* appear'd with great Success, *en Cavalier*, and made an adroit pretty Fellow: Mrs. *Cl...* does not appear

appear in these Characters, the concealing Petticoat better suiting with her Turn of Make than the Breeches: It is not from want of Spirit or Judgment to hit off the Fop or the Coxcomb, as she has evidently prov'd in the Ballad she Sings, call'd the *Life of a Beau*, in which her Action and Gesture is as pleasing as in any Part she performs: I could wish she would never attempt serious Characters in Comedy; and to resign the Part of *Ophelia* in *Hamlet*, in which she is very unequal to herself: -- Yet all will allow, that *take her all in all*, she has such Talents as make her an excellent Actress.

Though Mrs. *Cl...* is by far the most excellent Actress of the *Drury-Lane* Company, and to speak out the severe Judgment of experienc'd Criticks, the only Actress who has any *Excellence* in it, yet she has a Competitor in Fame at *Covent-Garden*: Mrs. *H...t...n* stands in the same Degree of Superiority on this latter Stage, as Mrs. *Cl...* does on the former; but I must observe, that their Talents, Manner, Air, Gesture, and Cast of Parts are very different.

Mrs. *H...t...n*, though past the *heyday* of her *Beauty*, yet betrays so little decay of Youth, that an *inexpressible* *Somewhat* in her Air, Face, and Mein throws out such a Glow of Health and Chearfulness, that, on the Stage, few Spectators that are not past it, can behold her without *Desire*; and, in the Fullness of my Heart I may venture to confess, that the *Desirable* is so predominant in her that my Soul has a *Taste* or *Tendre* for Mrs. *H...t...n*. To speak critically of her as an Actress, in all Parts of a gay Impertinent, or the *Coquette*, she has all the Female Foppery that a giddy, lively, fantastick Creature can be affected with. — The Language, Dress, Motion, and Manners of a *Millamant* seem naturally her own; and I may say of her, what the great *Apologist* said of Mrs. *Bracegirdle* in that Part; that “ * when she acts “ *Millamant*, all the Faults, Follies, and Affectation of “ that agreeable Tyrant were venially melted down into “ so many Charms and Attractions of a conscious

* *C. Cibber's Apology*, p. 103.

“ *Beauty.*”

“ Beauty.” — But besides these Foibles of the Fair Sex, she can rise into the decent Dignity of a fine Lady, and charm with the innocent Reserve of an *Indiana*, as by the fluttering *Je ne sçai quoy* of a *Millamant*. In Tragedy, since the Death of Mrs. *Hallam*, she stands without any equal Competitor; for she has that Grace in her Presence, that clear Melody in her Voice, with Strength enough to express the Violence of some Passions, and Softness to subside into the Harmony of others, that no Actress now performing on either Stage can, in this Light, be compared to her. — There are some indeed, at both Houses, who throw out some Proffers of a Genius, yet cannot be rank’d in any Degree of Perfection; for either they heavily drag the Sentiment along, with a long-ton’d Voice, absent Eye, and Inanity of Gesture, or else with an impetuous Velocity of Voice, staring Eye, and unmeaning Superfluity of Action, make the Performance come out oddly disguis’d, or somewhere defectively unsurprising to the Hearer. — As I mention no particular Persons, no particular Persons can take Offence: In Justice to my own Judgement I must acknowledge, that I unwillingly acquiesce in the Observation of many Judges, that the two Theatres never had, at any Time, so indifferent a Set of Actresses as at present; and among the younger Actresses I have not seen one who has shewn the least Genius for the Stage, which may ever make its Way towards Perfection. It may seem a Matter of Wonder to some, why they who have been excellent in a Theatre, as *Cibber*, *Wilks*, and *Booth*, did not bring up young Actors to succeed them; and this was indeed objected to their Administration: — “ * And this, says the *Apologist*, was a Matter “ as easy as planting so many Cabbages.” — True it is, indeed, good Actors and good Cabbages are not with equal Plenty produced: However, if there is a *natural Materia* in the Actor as there is in the Cabbage, I can see no Reason why he should not sprout as well as the Cabbage: Indeed he will afterwards require some Care

* C. Cibber's Apology p. 324.

to bring him to Perfection ; so does the Cabbage : *This* cannot do without the enlivening Warmth of the Sun, and the *young Actor* requires to be chear'd by such little Parts as may gain him some little Applause ; for * *Publick Approbation is the warm Weather of a theatrical Plant* : — But it seems this would be too much Trouble for our theatrical Gardiners ; they were not for turning *Nursery Men* of dramatick Cabbages, but to have bought them at Market ; for, says the *metaphorical Apologist*, “ † Let “ it be our Excuse then for that mistaken Charge against “ us, that since there was no Garden or Market “ where accomplish'd Actors grew, or were to be sold, “ we could only pick them up by Chance.” — As for myself, I was a young *Sprout* from so admirable a *Stem*, that Nature threw out in me several Perfections, which I may rather call hereditary than acquired ; and whether I am considered in a theatrical, poetical, political, or moral Capacity, the Reader will observe, through the Course of this History, there is some Truth in my Motto. — *Sequiturque Patrem* — Though through Modesty I am forc'd to add, *non passibus Æquis*, which give me Leave to render into a paraphrastick Couplet. —

*His Father's Steps he follows to be great,
But not with equal Pace or equal Fate.*

Some future Historian may thus write of us : The Father indeed had more of the *Sal Atticum* in his Genius, but then the Son excell'd him in an open hardy Confidence of Behaviour : COLLEY's Conduct in Life was more on the Reserve than THE's ; but by THE's making a Bustle in the World, he shew'd a superior Greatness of Soul : COLLEY had the cool Calmness of a designing Courtier ; THE' the frank rash Spirit of a young Captain ; The Father was the greater Hypocrite, the Son was the greater Madman. — COLLEY render'd himself remarkable by his *Fopperies*, THE' by his *Extravagancies* : Yet their private Virtues, publick Modesty, and Sentiments of Morality were, in fact, in the

* C. Cibler's Apology, p. 157. † Ditto, p. 324.

one and the other the same, though their publick Conduct was extremely different. — COLLEY had rather *be* immoral than be esteem'd so; THE' thought it more Glory, the more he acquir'd the Character of being so. — The Reputation of the one was only founded on private Rumour, but that of the other is on publick Record. In short, the *Father* had few Equals, the *Son* not *one*.

Having brought the History of the Stage down from the Time my Father left it to the present Vacation, 1740, I can only add, after my Exploits, Hopes, and Ambition, I must return to Mr. *Rich*, as an hired Actor, and wait in dudgeon some more favourable Opportunity to make my Attempts on the theatric Dominions more successful: However those Attempts occasion'd this Apology, which will transmit my Name and Character to late Posterity; and I may conclude as *Ovid* does:

*Jamque opus exegi quod nec Jovis Ira nec Ignes
Terram nec poterit nec Edax abolere Vetustas, &c.*

*And now I've done a Work which neither JOVE,
Nor all his Wrath, nor Thunderbolts above,
Nor ruthless Steel, nor all-devouring Time,
Shall e'er destroy this History sublime.*

F I N I S.



ERRATUM.

In Page 66, for Etitionst read Elscourt.

